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VOLCANOS OF CENTRAL FRANCE.*

This volume, as the preface informs us, is but an enlarged edition of the Memoir on the Geology of Central France, published in 1826. Mr. Scrope, on a second visit to the scene of his researches, made in 1857, found his previous conclusions strengthened, and his doctrines as to the volcanic formation of the Auvergne mountains confirmed. It is well known to those who have watched the progress of geological science during the last thirty years, that to Mr. Scrope belongs the honor of having first successfully opposed the dogmas of Werner and his school on the aqueous origin of many of the rocks now recognized as volcanic. The theory of Werner was that all formations, as at present existing on the planet, were depositions from some primeval ocean. If this theory is in some respects undoubtedly sound, it erred on the other hand in

under-estimating or entirely overlooking the importance of volcanic action as one of the principal causes of rock formations.

Mr. Scrope commenced his investigations with the idea that the only true method of geological inquiry was to examine the laws of nature actually in force upon the surface of the globe and to apply the deductions from the phenomena observed to the consideration of the older formations. If, on investigation, the forces now in activity should be found to produce results similar to those observed in localities now at rest, it would be fair to infer that those localities had, in earlier ages, been the scenes of the operation of the same active forces. In fact, any other inference would be unphilosophical, and not in accordance with the facts. The processes now going on are principally:

- I. The atmospheric phenomena in-

*The geology and extinct Volcanos of Central France. By G. Poulett Scrope, M. P., F. R. S., F. G. S., &c. Second Edition, enlarged and improved, with illustrative Maps, Views and Panoramic sketches. London: John Murray, Albemarle street. 1858.

cluding the laws of the circulation and residence of water on the exterior of the globe. II. The action of earthquakes and volcanos. And the changes produced by those agents are chiefly: 1. Changes of level. 2. The destruction of some rocks and the reproduction of others from their materials. 3. The production of rocks from the interior of the globe upon its surface. During the historical ages, we know that these have been the changes uniformly produced by the forces we have named; and we can only believe the same forces to have been at work in the periods anterior to history.

Mr. Serape considers France as divided by the parallel of 46 deg. 30 min. into two nearly equal portions, of which the northern, generally a vast plain, is not included in his investigations. The southern portion, beginning to rise from the parallel above named, attains an elevation of 3,000 feet in the Auvergne and Foréz, and in the Gevaudan and Vivarais, of 5,500 feet. Here it is cut down by the deep valley of the Rhone which, running nearly due north and south, separates this portion from the ranges east of that river, in the departments Drome, Isère and Hautes Alpes.

On the south-west also this high ground descends rapidly in an irregular line to the basin of the Gironde. The principal mass of this district is composed of primary rocks, chiefly granite, overlapped on all sides by secondary strata belonging to the Jurassic system. It is also deeply indented by the valleys of the upper Loire and Allier. Within the plain of the Limagne, in the valley of the Allier, occur detached basins of carboniferous sandstone, seeming to have been deposited in hollows of the original primary rocks.

An extensive series of limestone strata embraces the whole granitic platform like a frame; on its southern border, especially, these calcareous rocks assume a remarkable development, and constitute a vast elevated platform sloping from the primary range towards the south-west. The stratification being nearly horizontal, though dipping to the south-west, this formation exhibits a series of flat-topped hills, bounded by perpendicular cliffs 600 or 800 feet high.

These plateaux have a singularly dreary and desert aspect from the monotony of their form, and their barren and rocky character. The valleys which separate them are rarely of any great width; for the most part they are winding, narrow, and all but impassable clefts.

The volcanic formations of Central France attain an elevation much greater than that of the highest parts of the granitic platform. These formations have been described as of two classes, ancient and modern, according as they seem to have been produced before or after some supposed epoch of a diluvial character, to which the excavation of the existing valleys of the district was attributed. Mr. Serape denies that these valleys are owing to any such cause, and supposes that the process of formation has been going on from the first appearance of the land above the sea. That the causes principally at work are rain, frost and other meteoric agents, but especially the direct fall of rain from the sky, and the wash of the superficial waters, ceaselessly engaged in sapping and mining the banks of the channels which they form for themselves. In the relative position of the plateaux of basalt and trachyte which cap so many of the hills in Auvergne at various elevations, he saw proofs that the excavation of the valleys,

as well as of the plain into which they descend, has been gradually accomplished from the earliest to the latest times, and accompanied throughout by occasional volcanic eruptions. He concludes, therefore, that no clear chronological line of separation can be drawn between the ancient and modern volcanic products.

Viewing, as a whole, the district of Auvergne, the Velay, and the Vivarais, there appear six distinct groups of volcanic rocks, viz: the Mont Dore, the Cantal, and the Mezen, each with its peculiar group; the cluster of volcanic vents of the Vivarais, which have broken out in some tributary gorges of the Ardèche; the products of more isolated vents of eruption on a zone running north-west and south east from Riom to the neighborhood of Aubenas on the Ardèche; and an independent group, which was not examined by Mr. Serpe south of the Cantal, near La Guiole. The chain of puy, (as they are called) of the Limagne d'Auvergne, and the Monts Dôme, which are the first in order of approach from Paris and the north, are first considered.

The Limagne d'Auvergne is an extensive valley-plain, about twenty miles in breadth and forty in length; its soil, with the exception of some calcareous hills, is an alluvium consisting chiefly of boulders of granitic rocks, trachyte and basalt through which the Allier still wears its channel in a course from south to north. The inclination of the surface of the plain towards the river on either side, where not interrupted by hills, averages twenty feet in a mile. The western limit of the plain is formed by the

abrupt escarpment of the granitic platform, which is fringed by some lower hills that branch off into the plain, and furrowed by deep and short ravines.

These ravines terminate at the base of the range of volcanic hills or puy, which rise from the nearly level plateau in a line almost due north and south. On the western side of this chain of puy the platform slopes towards the Sioule, which runs nearly parallel with the chain. The width of this granitic table land is about twelve miles; its average elevation 2,800 feet, being about 1,600 feet above the plain of the Limagne, but in places where it has been preserved from denudation by a capping of basalt, it attains an elevation of 3,300 feet. On the western side the platform is composed of gneiss, but on the east of veined granite, varying frequently from a coarse to an extremely fine grain. Every storm washes away heaps of crystalline sand from the exposed surfaces of this rock. The chain of puy on this platform numbers about seventy volcanic hills of various sizes, sometimes grouped together in immediate contact, sometimes with considerable distance between them; the whole forming a notched and irregular ridge directed north and south, about twenty miles in length, by two in breadth. With the exception of five, (among which is the Puy de Dôme, the loftiest of these hills) the puy are volcanic cones of eruption,* seemingly of recent production. Their height is from 500 to 1,000 feet above their base. They are generally clothed with coarse herbage or heather; some few with thick

*A volcanic "cone of eruption" in its normal form, with a crater or cup-shaped hollow at its summit, is the result of the accumulation round the volcanic orifice or vent of the scoræ and other fragmentary matters projected into the air by the series of explosive discharges of elastic vapor and gases which usually characterises an eruption. The fragments which fall back into the vent are, of course,

woods of beach. Many considerable portions appear to have been always bare of vegetation. They appear entirely and uniformly composed of loose scoriae, blocks of lava, and puzzolana, with occasional fragments of domite and granite. The crater is often perfect, and the hill must then be mounted to observe it; but frequently it is found broken down on the side whence the lava issued. The volcano sometimes evidently continued to eject scoriae and ashes after the lava had ceased to flow—a circumstance often remarked in the eruptions of Etna. Sometimes, as it would seem, (and this is common to the eruptions of most recent volcanos) the lava has been produced by one orifice, while the aeriform jets issued from another, the latter presenting a complete cone of scoriae and fragments, the former a broken and imperfect one. The lava has flowed either to the east or west, according to the level of the ground; the larger number of currents towards the plain of the Limagne, but some on the side of the Sioule; and these latter are more conspicuous from the gentleness of the slope on that side.

Although all the cones of the chain of puyes may be considered of recent formation, they do not belong to a single epoch. The different aspects of their lava currents, some of which have yielded considerably to decomposition, while others are still bare, harsh, and uninjured, might not indeed seem conclusive as to the comparative age of the eruption; since the power of time in decomposing the surface of the lava varies according to the mine-

erals which enter into its constitution. But the considerable dilapidation of some cones, and the elevated position of their currents relatively to the surrounding soil are strong indications of superior antiquity, particularly when coinciding with the testimony afforded by the condition of the lava currents. Although comparatively recent, the eruptions of these cones must have occurred previous to the earliest records of the locality, in which no mention is made of eruptions.

In the middle of this line of puyes rises the celebrated Puy de Dôme; far superior in bulk and elevation to the numerous hills which stretch from its base north and south. Its height above the sea is 4,842 feet, and about 1,600 feet above its base, the sides sloping at an angle of from 30 deg. to 60 deg. It consists entirely of the variety of trachyte, which has been named Domite.

This mountain, with four neighboring hills of much less size composed of the same rock, are so closely connected in situation with some of the volcanic cones as to leave no doubt of their having been produced at the same time, and by the same volcanic agency. Each one of these hills is entirely composed of the trachyte above mentioned, without traces of definite structure. The substance of one differs only in accidental characters from that of another. The color of the rock is generally greyish or brownish white; it absorbs moisture with avidity, and the action is accompanied by a hissing noise, and a disengagement of air-bubbles. The rock is extremely liable to decomposition, which affects it often

thrown up again and again, and triturated into gravelly sand or fine ashes by the friction attendant on this violent process. Those which fall on the outside of the vent are heaped up there in a circular bank, the sides of which, both within and without, slope at an angle rarely exceeding 33 deg. And this bank, viewed externally, has of course the shape of a truncated cone, the crater being a hollow inverted cone contained within it.

to the depth of some feet. It then assumes an earthy aspect, and crumbles between the fingers; the mass is resolved into a meagre, ashy powder, in which are found crystals of hornblende, mica, and octohedral iron.

The volcanic nature of domite has never been contested, and it is evidenced by the pumice stones which accompany and are enclosed by it; by the vitreous nature of its felspathic crystals; by its being porous, impregnated with muriatic acid, coated with sulphur, and with sublimations of iron.

Many contradictory opinions have been offered on the origin of these hills, isolated as they are in a region apparently bare of domite. Mr. Serope, taking into consideration the fact that domite is, in all essential respects, the same as trachyte; and that trachyte forms the greater part of the Mont Dore, the Cantal, the Euganean Hills, the Monti Cimini, and the Lipari Isles; thinks that the Puy de Dôme and the four hills around it are to be assigned to a volcanic origin. And he accounts for their being in solid masses, without dispersion over a wide surface, by a very clear course of reasoning. It is evident, he says, that under similar circumstances of the surrounding levels and of propulsive force, the tendency of a mass of lava to quit the neighborhood of the orifice from which it is emitted will be in exact proportion to its fluidity; and when the fluidity is at its *minimum*, it will accumulate immediately around the orifice; one layer of the half-congealed and inert substance spreading over that which preceded it, till the whole assume the form of a dome or bell-shaped hillock perforated in the centre by the chimney or vent, through which fresh matter may continue to be expelled, but which will at the end remain closed by

that last sent up. Now the variety of trachyte which composes the Puy de Dôme, and the neighbouring domitic puy, consisting almost wholly of felspar, and therefore possessing the lowest possible specific gravity, and at the same time a very rude and coarse grain, and highly porous structure, is precisely that species of lava which we should expect *a priori* to have possessed the *minimum* of fluidity when protruded into the air; and we therefore can understand perfectly why, instead of flowing in thin and continuous sheets to a distance from its vent, it has accumulated in dome and bell-shaped hillocks on the point where it was emitted.

Of the chain of puy's north of the Puy de Dôme, the most remarkable is the Puy de Côme, about 900 feet in height, and very regularly conical in form. The lava-current poured forth by this vent is of prodigious magnitude. It flows from the western base of the cone, which appears to have been thrown up after the eruption. At no great distance from its source the lava encountered an angular protuberance of granite, which separated the current into two branches. That to the right, the more considerable of the two, spread over a vast surface towards the west till it found an obstacle in a long line of hill, consisting of tufa from the Mont Dore, covered by an ancient plateau of basalt. Impeded in its progress, the lava followed the sweep of the hill in a north-east direction; and finding an issue at length, poured down on the present site of the castle and town of Pont Gibaud; immediately above which it seems to have met and flowed over a more ancient stream from the Puy de Lonchadière. Both then poured down the side of a hill which formed the border of the valley of the Sioule, usurping the channel of the

river, down which they pursued their course to the distance of more than a mile. The Sioule, thus dispossessed of its bed, has been constrained to work out a fresh one between the lava and the granite of its western bank. But before this was accomplished, there is every appearance of its having formed a lake over the flat, alluvial surface now forming the meadows of Pont Gibaud. In one part of this new channel, the excavation effected by the river has disclosed the internal division of the lava into vertical, jointed columns, the lower portions of which are straight and well formed, the upper twisted into various curves. The wall of lava is about fifty feet high, and the columnar division is prolonged incompletely to the extent of between 200 and 300 yards.

The whole superficies of the plateau covered by the lava of the Puy de Côme cannot be estimated under ten square miles. Its thickness cannot be ascertained with certainty, but is probably about thirty feet, on an average. It is a most rugged tract, presenting a succession of continual asperities, following each other like the waves of the ocean, with depressions between. It appears to consist of chaotic heaps, of rocky and angular blocks of compact basalt, tossed together in every variety of disorder; yet, in the deep and narrow intervals between these heaps, occur little particles of fresh and flowery turf, and knots of underwood spring from their clefts, in strange contrast with the desolation that prevails over this extensive wilderness.

The Mont Dore is one of those remarkable mountainous excrescences which have covered the primary soil to the extent of many miles in diameter, and elevated themselves a proportionate height above the level. Though not the most consi-

derable mountain of this class in Central France, it attains the greatest absolute elevation. Its highest point, the Pic de Saney, is given by Ramond, as 6,258 feet. Its figure is peculiar; as if seven or eight rocky summits were grouped together within a circuit of about three miles, where, as from the apex of a flattened cone, all the sides slope more or less rapidly, till they are gradually lost in the high plain around. This mass is deeply and widely eaten into, on opposite sides, by two principal valleys, (those of the Dordogne and the Chambon,) and also furrowed by many minor water channels, all having their sources near the central eminences, and diverting themselves to every point on the horizon.

The Mont Dore and the Cantal share this peculiarity of construction, with *Aetna*, the Peak of *Teneriffe*, *Palma*, and other insulated volcanic mountains; and another more remarkable point of resemblance, is in the distribution of their rocks, which exhibit themselves in beds, every way dipping off from the central axis, and lying parallel to the external sloping flanks. This singular disposition would lead at once to the conclusion, that these mountains, are the remains of vast volcanos; and this conclusion is sustained, when the mountains are found to consist of prodigious layers of scorie, pumice stone, and their detritus, interstratified with layers of trachyte and basalt.

No regular crater exists on the summit of Mont Dore. But the absence of one is readily accounted for by the evidences of the dilapidation which the mountain has suffered since the extinction of its fires. The fragmentary ejections of its vent, have gone to form the conglomerates that clothe its sides, and accumulate at its foot. The

lava currents, and other more durable products, have more successfully resisted the action of the elements, and their highest extremities still bristle in elevated peaks, over a circular gorge, which occupies the very heart of the mountain, and was probably the site of its central crater.

If the materials of a volcanic mountain were arranged in any sort of uniformity, the valleys which have laid bare the Mont Dore, would exhibit its constitution in a complete manner, but the sections they offer disclose only vast irregular layers of tufa, and breccias, mingled with repeated currents of trachyte, clinkstone and basalt, and traversed with dykes of the same rocks. The opposite sides of each excavation offer correspondent sections, the same beds being visible at similar heights on both declivities. This is universally the case in all the narrower gorges, near the base of the mountain, where the diminished slope caused the currents to increase in width, as much as in length; and, in these situations, the same bed, or series of beds, often extends over a surface of many square miles, forming a succession of vast plateaux with a slight declination. The currents which compose these plateaux are found to consist of basalt, which has flowed on all sides, to the distance of fifteen, and twenty, and in some instances, of twenty-five and thirty miles, from the central height.*

The plateaux of trachyte, on the contrary, rarely reach such an extent, and few portions of them deriving from the Mont Dore, are to

be found without the limits of a circle of ten miles radius. But what these currents lose in length, they make up in depth and width. The lavas of this class appear to have possessed an inferior degree of fluidity to those of basalt; probably, because of their inferior specific gravity and greater coarseness of grain; and they have accumulated in prodigious volumes near the source. Nearly all the principal heights and central platforms of the mountain, are composed of trachyte, while basalt rarely shows itself, except in the outer slopes.

The whole quantity of fragmentary matters, ejected by the vents of Mont Dore, must once have fully equalled that of its lava currents; but the nature of these conglomerates exposed them to more speedy destruction. They still exist, however, in immense quantities, in turn resting upon, supporting and enveloping the massive lava rocks of every kind. They may be divided into two species, according to the volcanic products predominating in their composition. Some consist wholly of triturated pumice, in which the fine silky filaments of this substance are to be recognized, as well as a few crystals of felspar. This occurs, either loose or arenaceous, by intimate mixture with water into a yellowish-white tufa, with a consistence resembling that of the tufa of the Phlegrean fields near Naples; occasionally, it has a lamellar structure. In general, however, this pulverulent substance envelopes various sized fragments of trachyte, basalt, and granite, forming a tufaceous conglomerate. As these coarser materials predomi-

*These dimensions have been paralleled by the lavas of modern volcanos. The current which reached Catania in 1669, was fourteen miles long, and in some places, six miles wide. Recupero measured the length of one on the Northern side of *Ætna*, and found it to be forty miles long. Spallanzani mentions currents of fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles in length; and the current which issued from *Skaptar Jokul*, in Iceland, in 1753, covered a surface of ninety-four miles in length, by fifty in breadth.

nate, a complete breccia is formed, in which the fragments are separated by occasional interstices or agglutinated by a cement, either of tufa or of iron-rust, derived from the partial decomposition of the fragments themselves, which are, in these instances, of a highly ferruginous basalt. In this condition, the conglomerate resembles the peperino of the Campagna of Rome.

From the Pic de Saney, as a central point of observation, the Mont Dore presents the following appearances. On each side of the Pic de Saney, and connected with it by intervening ridges, rise craggy knolls, formed, like itself, of porphyritic trachyte, and more or less rounded by the action of the air and rains. One of these, Puy Ferrand, almost equals the Pic de Saney in elevation. These two heights overlook, on the right and left, two deep amphitheatrical basins, one opening to the North, and encircled with a range of perpendicular precipices; the other, to the North-west. On the side, opposite to these basins, each eminence gives rise to an inclined plane, with a gradually decreasing slope, and widening, as it descends, into vast platforms, which reach the base of the mountain, and prolong themselves to some distance over the adjoining country. To the West, are two deep gorges, called Les Vallées de L'Enfer and de la Cour. Immediately opposite this latter gorge, on the East side of the valley of the Dordogne river, is a deep ravine, separating two craggy cliffs, called Cacadoigne and Le Roc de Cuzan. It is strewn with colossal ruins from the rocks above, which consist of conglomerate, enveloping currents of trachyte and basalt, mingled in strange confusion. Among the blocks lying in the ravine, are many of a trachyte approaching to obsidian, with resinous lustre and fracture, and a black color; and another

rarer variety, compact, hard, and of a brick-red color, with something of the gloss of pitch stone.

Such is the nature of the area, overlooked by the central summits; and in these features, it is easy to recognize the traces of a vast and ruinous crater, not very dissimilar to the picture presented by the crater of Vesuvius, torn through the mountain by the eruption of 1822; which presented abrupt, precipitous escarpments like those of the gorges just mentioned, and composed of a conglomerate of scoriae and volcanic fragments, enveloping horizontal beds of lava. These are the characteristics of most of the faces of the Mont Dore.

On the South-western face, it presents a smoother and more uniform slope, than on the others. The currents of trachyte have proceeded but a short distance in that direction, from the central heights. They constitute two or three salient masses composed of a porphyritic rock, more or less porous, and in the vicinity of the supposed crater, even scoriform, and of a deep red color.

Basalt, on the contrary, is extremely abundant on this side. It descends in extensive plateaux from the extremities of the trachytic beds; wherever these plateaux have been channelled by torrents, their sections offer ranges of columnar prisms of the greatest regularity.

The limits of Mont Dore, on the South, are not clearly defined. The prolongation of its base meets that of the Cantal, and, with it, forms a high and massive table-land, which divides the waters of the Dordogne and Allier.

To the West, the inclination of this elevated table-land towards the Dordogne, is gradual, and its surface strewn with huge boulders of basalt and primitive rocks, attesting the force of the torrents from either mountain, and the frequent shifting of their beds.

South of Mont Dore, are two more recent cones, called Montchal and Mont Sineire, which present one remarkable and peculiar feature, among these volcanic hills. Immediately at the foot of each of these cones, is a nearly circular hollow, very large and deep, and covered at the bottom with water. Both are bordered by nearly perpendicular rocks of ancient basalt. Their position shows them to be contemporary with the eruptions of the neighbouring cones, and it seems probable that they owe their formation to some extremely rapid and violent explosion.

The volcanic remains, occurring within the departments Haute Loire and Ardèche, are of the second class, the products of a late epoch of volcanic activity, and almost uninterruptedly, cover a broad zone of the primary platform. They constitute a prolongation of the chain of Puys of Auvergne, but do not appear of so recent a date as the latest of those. The various points on which these eruptions have broken forth, are still marked by numerous volcanic cones of scoriae, whose projection, as in Auvergne, accompanied the development of the volcanic phenomena. They are so thickly strewn along the axis of the granitic range that separates the Loire and Allier, as generally to touch each other by their bases and form an almost continuous chain.

On both sides of the granitic range, they are more sparingly distributed, a few being also found on the further side of each river. Throughout this tract, Mr. Scrope counted one hundred and fifty of these cones, and thinks he must have omitted many. Few of them

present an entire or even a distinctly marked crater, and the generally have wasted to ridges and saddle-shaped hills, a form which volcanic cones have frequently been observed to assume by degradation. Their surfaces are scantily clothed with a meagre herbage, and occasionally a few stunted Scotch firs; but their dilapidation is incessantly going forward by means of frequent and shifting surface rents. The lava currents from these cones must have been exceedingly abundant. They appear to have directed themselves, on one side, into the bed of the Loire; on the other, into the bed of the Allier. The former have covered the whole Eastern slope of the range, (the granite which forms its nucleus, appearing only at distant intervals, or in ravines worn through the basaltic beds,) and are continued over the fresh water strata in a uniform sheet, forming a very extensive and but slightly inclined tract, which they seem to have completely deluged. The present bed of the Loire, and those of its tributaries have, therefore, been excavated through a vast mass of basalt and breccia, as well as through an uppermost layer, generally single of basalt alone, which undoubtedly derived from this chain of cones. In the puys of Monts Dôme, we are enabled by their comparatively rare occurrence and the intervals of primary rock which separate their currents, to trace every current to its spot of emission; but in this chain, the cones are more numerous and closer—the volcanic energy seems to have been exerted far more furiously, and the lava currents united into one continuous and enormous crust, where all are con-founded and mingled together.*

* A parallel instance is, that of the chain of volcanic cones thrown up in the Island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, by the tremendous eruptions between the years 1730 and 1736. The formation of thirty distinct cones on a fissure of great length, within so short a space of time, leads to the supposition of a similar origin for the similar chain of cones in Auvergne and the Velay.

An extensive and gently sloping plain has thus been created, appearing thinly dotted by the cones which have been thrown up to the East of the principal line. Each of these, has in all probability, furnished its contingent to the mass of basalt that overspreads the plain, but all appropriation is out of the question.

The cone that has attracted most observation, is that of the *Montagne de Denise*. The summit and flanks of this oblong hill, are covered with large accumulations of very fresh looking scoriae, lapillo, and puzzolana, out of which masses of basalt project into the valley around and beneath. One of these forms a bulky promontory descending to the level of the river Borne on the South, and exhibiting two colossal ranges of columns, one above the other. At its sides and base, this basaltic mass is enveloped by, and passes into a stratified and sometimes laminated tufa or breccia of no great coherence, which clothes the outer slopes of the hill. Other massive rocks of a breccia or peperino, constitute the nucleus of the hill itself, and through these, the eruption of the more recent lavas and scoriae evidently broke out. This massive, indurated peperino, is of much earlier formation than that which accompanies the erupted lavas and scoriae. This would be little remarkable, were it not that in the stratified deposits, large quantities of bones are found of elephants, rhinoceroses, stags, and other large mammifera, and in one locality, the undoubted remains of at least two human skeletons. A block of this breccia, containing the greater portion of a human skull, and several other bones, is preserved in the museum of the town of Le Puy. The mass in which these fragments are firmly embedded, is unquestionably a portion of a stratum of in-

durated tufa, which envelopes and passes into the basaltic lava of Denise. It was discovered in 1844, and at the meeting of the Scientific Congress of France, which took place at Le Puy in 1856, the question of the genuineness of these remains was discussed; and the great majority of the savans were of the opinion that they were perfectly genuine.

In fact, the surprising point of these discoveries is, not that there should be human bones found in these beds of lava, but that they should be found there in company with the remains of extinct mammifera of the genera rhinoceros, elephant, etc. etc.

In this chain, as in the *Monts Dôme* and *Mont Dore*, lakes are met with, occupying wide, deep, and nearly circular basins, which bear every appearance of having resulted from some violent volcanic explosions, but different from ordinary craters, not only in their greater dimensions, but in the nature and disposition of their enclosure. This is usually of primary, or, at all events, preëxisting rocks, merely covered, more or less copiously, with scoriae and puzzolana, little, if at all, elevated above the surrounding country.

In the region of the *Vivaraïs*, the general characteristics of the volcanic remains, were found to resemble those of the *Haute Loire*, with one or two noteworthy distinctions. The cone of *Jaujac*, called *La Coupe de Jaujac*, from its cup-shaped crater, was found to rise from a coal formation, occupying the bottom of a long transverse valley, between elevated ranges of granite and gneiss, and would thus appear to countenance the exploded notion that volcanic fires are nourished by immense beds of coal. The primitive fragments found enveloped by its scoriae and basalt sufficiently prove, if proof were

needed, that the source of the erupted matters existed below the sandstone which encloses the coal strata. The crater of this cone is very large and regular; its figure elliptical, with the longer axis directed North and South. The sides, as well as those of the cone, are thickly covered with chestnut woods; and here, as elsewhere, it is to be remarked, that those trees which grow on the volcanic, are much larger and more productive than those on the primitive soil around. The earth formed by the decomposition of recent basalt, seems peculiarly favorable to the vegetation of the Spanish chestnut. On the North, the crater of Jaujac is breached, and from that position may be traced a vast current of basalt descending the valley of the Alignon to a distance of between two and three miles. On this bed of basalt, stands the village of Jaujac, on the brink of a mural precipice, which is continued to the termination of the current and everywhere presents a columnar range of almost unexampled beauty, of about 150 feet in height.

Not far from the extremity of this range, the river joins the Ardèche. In the bed of the latter at and for some distance below this point, may be seen in summer, when the stream is inconsiderable, a number of articulated columns, in which a nice observer may recognize the mineral characters of the different lava currents of the tributary valleys. Following the course of the river, these columns show themselves less frequently, and are more water-worn, till, at the distance of a mile or two, they are reduced to little more than rounded blocks, and assimilated to the other boulders, which cover the dry channel of the river. These basaltic boulders continue to dimin-

ish in size, and as far down the stream as Aubenas, few are to be met with, as large as a man's head; further on, they are reduced to mere pebbles, and are, no doubt, still more comminuted before the Ardèche carries them with it into the Rhone. This observation illustrates the process by which both basalt and granite, that once filled these valleys, have disappeared. A wintry flood undermines and detaches a prism of basalt from one of the columnar ranges. The next flood drives it on a few inches; or, if by its form and position, it is enabled to roll without much difficulty onward, a few feet. This operation is repeated, year after year, and in the meantime, even when remaining stationary, it is exposed to the immense friction of all the smaller boulders and pebbles, which are drifted over it by the extraordinary force of the current. By the continuance of this process, it is at the same time carried forwards, reduced in size, and brought to approach a globulous form, the most favorable to its transport; and in this form the rapidity of its progress, along the channel of the river, is progressively accelerated till, diminished to the size of gravel or silt, it is taken into complete suspension, and carried sooner or later in this state, into the ocean.

We have endeavored to present, in this brief space, some of the more striking portions of Mr. Scrope's highly interesting volume, without doing injustice to the thoroughness of research and careful study manifested by the author.

His conclusions seem to be based on the soundest reasoning, and the main object of his work, the verification of the volcanic origin of the mountains he has described, must be considered as established beyond all doubt.

THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE: AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

CHAPTER V.

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.—
Love's Labor Lost.

L'Isle meanwhile, after spending an unwonted time at his toilet, drew himself up to the utmost of the five feet ten, which nature had allotted to him, to shake off the stoop which he imagined himself to have contracted during his long hours of languor and suffering. He then inspected himself most critically in the glass, to see how far he had recovered his usual good looks. But that truthful counselor presented to him cheeks still sunken and pallid, and sharpened features. The clear, grey eye, looked out from a cavern, and the rich nut brown hair hung over a brow covered with parchment. His lean figure no longer filled the uniform which once fitted it so well. He stood before his glass in no peacock mood of self-admiration; but was compelled to own that he was not, just now at least, the man to fascinate a lady's eye; so he resolved to take Lady Mabel by the ear, which is, in fact, the surest way to catch a woman.

Lord Strathern kept his promise: to have no noisy fellows at dinner to-day. Perhaps an occasional visitor, who hovered near, the gout, made him more readily dispense with his more jovial companions. The only guest besides L'Isle, was Major Conway, of the light dragons.

A party of four is an excellent

number for conversation, especially if there be no rivalry among them. The Major had served long in India, but had arrived in the Peninsula only towards the end of the last campaign. He wished to learn all he could of the country, the people and the war; and nearly five years of close observation, industrious inquiry, and active service had rendered L'Isle just the man to gratify his wishes. Lord Strathern too, in a long and varied military career, had seen much; and the old soldier had not failed to lay in a stock of shrewd observations and amusing anecdotes. So that to a young listener like Lady Mabel, eager to learn and quick to apprehend, two or three hours glided away in striking and agreeable contrast with the more jovial and somewhat noisy festivities of yesterday and many a previous day. L'Isle made no attempt to engross her attention. Major Conway had left a wife in England, which shut out any feelings of rivalry with him. L'Isle was thus quite at his ease, and showed to much advantage; for it is surprising how agreeable some people can make themselves when they are bent upon it. He combined the qualities of a good talker and a good listener, was communicative to the Major; yet more attentive to his Lordship; and most careful, above all things, to turn the conversation to topics interesting to Lady Mabel, who, while listening, asking questions, and offering an occasional remark, was fast coming to the conclusion that L'Isle, young as he was, was

by far the best informed and most considerate man in the brigade. She more particularly wondered how, while tied down to his military duties, he had found time to master the languages, history, topography, and even the antiquities of the peninsula. He knew personally, many a Spaniard and Portuguese, who had made himself conspicuous for good or ill, at this fearful crisis of his country's history. He thoroughly understood the people, with all their virtues, and their vices, that perhaps outweigh those virtues; yet he seemed by no means to despise them. Amidst the too common baseness and corruption, he could paint vividly their nobler traits, and illustrate them by many a pointed anecdote and thrilling narrative. Lady Mabel could not help thinking what a delightful companion he would be on a tour through these countries; if she found so much pleasure in merely listening to his account of what he had seen and witnessed there.

"Travelling is my passion," said Lady Mabel. "From childhood I have longed to see foreign lands, and to find myself surrounded by outlandish people. I suppose it is owing to my having been kept close at home, yet encouraged to follow the footsteps of travelers over page after page of their rambles. My journey hither, through the wilderness of Alemtejo has but whetted my appetite. And there is something peculiarly fascinating in the idea of travelling in Spain, the land of adventure and romance."

"Just now is no good time for such a journey," said L'Isle; "there are too many French and other robbers besetting the roads."

"There would be too little of romance and too much of adventure in meeting with them," said

she. "It is most provoking to be thus tantalized; the cup at my lips, and I cannot taste of it. Spain in sight and I cannot explore it. I am eager to visit the Alhambra and Escorial, and other show places, and take a long ramble in the Sierra Morena. I would wish to engage the most skilful *arriero* in all Spain, and mounted on his best mule, roam all over the country, through every mountain pass, and make a pilgrimage to every spot hallowed by poetic or historic fame. I would search out as a shrine of chivalry each field, on which the Cid displayed the gleaming blade of *Tizona*, and on which the hoofs of his *Babieca* trampled on the Moor. I wonder if my guide could not show me, too, the foundation stones of the manor house of the good knight of La Mancha, the site at least of the bower of Dulcinea del Toboso, and Gil Blas's robber's caves?"

"Just at this time," said L'Isle, "the cave of Capt. Rolando and his comrades, being in the North of Leon, is particularly inaccessible, for there are some ninety thousand similar gentry wintering between us and it."

"Those fellows have been very quiet of late, and it will probably be some time before they are stirring again," said Lord Strathern.

"We will give them reason to bestir themselves as soon as the corn is enough grown to fodder our horses," answered L'Isle; meanwhile, Lady Mabel, there is much worth seeing in Portugal. All is not like the wilderness of Alemtejo. If you will believe the Portuguese, it was not to the imagination of the poet, but to the eye of the traveller in Lusitania that we owe the poetic pictures of the Elysian fields. All the Portuguese agree that their country is crowded with the choice beauties and won-

ders of nature, and they certainly should know their own country best. I have seen enough of it to satisfy me, that though but a little corner of the smallest of the continent, it is a lovely and remarkable part of the earth. Its beautiful mountains, not sublime, perhaps, like the Alps and Pyrenees, but exquisitely rich and wonderful in coloring, with a variety of romantic and ever shifting scenery, are perhaps unrivaled in Europe; its grand rivers, often uniting on their banks, the wildest rocks with the loveliest woodland scenes; its balmy climate fosters in many places an ever green foliage and a perpetual spring."

"From your description of the country," said Lady Mabel, "one might take you for a Portuguese."

"Yet they themselves have little perception of the real beauties of nature," said L'Isle. "They will lead you away from the loveliest scenes in their land, to point out some curiosity, more to their taste;—some miraculous image, some saintly relic brought by angels from the Holy Land, or perhaps some local natural phenomenon, which has a dash of the wonderful about it. For instance, when at Braga, three years ago, with my hands full of business, and anxious at the same time to learn all I could of the country around, my Portuguese companion compelled me to waste a precious hour in visiting a famous spring in the garden of a convent of St. Augustine. The water is intensely cold, and if a bottle of wine be immersed in it, it is instantly turned into vinegar."

"Did you see that," asked Lady Mabel.

"When I called for a bottle of wine, the good fathers told me they had given all they had to a detachment of Portuguese troops that marched by the day before—a char-

ity more wondrous than the virtue of the spring. Yet it is a pity you could not test the virtues of this wonderful spring," said she.

"Not more wonderful," said L'Isle, "than the fountain in the village of Friexada. Its water, too, is excessively cold, and of so hungry a nature, than in less than an hour it consumes a joint of meat, leaving the bones quite bare."

"You of course tested that," said she.

"Unluckily," said L'Isle, "our party had only one leg of mutton in store, and were too hungry to risk their dinner in the fountain's mercy."

"You are a bad traveller," said Lady Mabel, "and seem never to have with you the means of testing the truth of what you are told."

"I take with me a good stock of faith," said L'Isle, "and believe, or seem to believe, all that I am told. This pleases these people wonderfully well, and keeping them in good humor is the main point just now. There is, however, near Estremoz, which place you passed through coming hither, a curiosity of somewhat a similar kind. It is a spring which is dry in winter, but pours out a considerable stream in summer. Its waters are of so petrifying a quality, that the wheels of the mills it works are said to be soon turned into stone."

"I trust, for your credit as a traveller," said Lady Mabel, "that you will be able to say that you, for once, proved the truth or falsehood of what you heard."

"I did, and found them incrustated with stone. But that is not so curious as the prophetic spring of Xido, which foretells to the rustics around a fruitful season, by pouring forth but little water, or a year of scarcity, by an abundant flow. These are little things; but were I

to run over each class of objects of curiosity, or interest, this country affords, I would soon convince you that you were already in a land of wonders and rare sights."

"But even here I am trammelled. Papa did not come out here to examine the curiosities of the country, or to hunt out picturesque scenery, Moorish antiquities, or Roman ruins, and I cannot go scampering over the neighbourhood with an escort of volunteers from the brigade or the Light Dragoons. It is true that Mrs. Capt. Howe, who is a great *connoisseuse* in nature and art, has promised to be my guide in exploring the country as soon as she gets rid of her rheumatism. But from the number of her flannel wrappers, I infer that there is no hope of her soon extending her explorations beyond the walls of her room."

"You must indeed feel the want of a companion to free you from the awkwardness of your situation; here with no company but those rude comrades his majesty has sent out hither."

"I am heartily tired of them, and were it not for my loyalty, would just now exchange a crack regiment for a companionable woman."

"I am glad, then, to be able to tell you that a lady has arrived in Elvas, who may be very useful in filling up this awkward gap in the circle of your acquaintance!"

"A lady? An English lady? Who is she?"

"An English lady. One old enough to be your chaperone, and young enough to be your companion. She has some other merits, too, not the least of which, in my estimation is that she professes to be a great friend of mine."

"A crowning virtue, that," said Lady Mabel.

"It does not blind me, however,

to two or three faults, and a misfortune she labors under."

"What then are her faults?"

"The first is, that she is, it must be confessed, rather simple."

"Simplicity may be a virtue. We will overlook that."

"Then she sometimes clips the King's English!"

"There is no statute against it, like clipping his coin."

"She is afflicted, moreover, with an inveterate love of sight-seeing."

"That is a positive virtue. I have fellow-feeling with her. She would be no true woman if she ever lost chance at a spectacle. But what is her misfortune?"

"She is the wife of a commissary," said L'Isle with a very grave face.

"Why L'Isle," said Lord Strathern, "has Shortridge brought his wife to Elvas?"

"Yes, my Lord, they came last night. Yes, Lady Mabel; the woman who marries a commissary can hardly escape being the wife of a knave!"

"But I really believe," said his Lordship, "that our rascal is the most honest fellow in the commissariat department."

"That is not saying much for his honesty."

"I hope for the honor of human nature," interposed Major Conway, "that there are honest men among commissaries?"

"It is no imputation on human nature to think otherwise," said L'Isle. "You might as soon hope there are honest men among pick-pockets. For some good reason or other, honest men can not follow either trade."

"That is one of your prejudices, L'Isle," said Lord Strathern, "and in them you are a true bigot. You are too hard upon poor Shortridge and his brethren. Shortridge is a very good fellow, though a little

vulgar, it is true. And he always cheats with a conscience, and so do many of his brethren."

"I shall have no scruples of conscience in making use of Mrs. Commissary, if I can," said Lady Mabel. "I hope she is of a sociable temper!"

"Quite so. And moreover, I forgot one trait that will make her particularly accessible to you. She is very fond of people of fashion, and a title secures her esteem."

"Then she belongs to me, for I shall not be wanting in attention to your newly-arrived friend. How comes she to be your friend?"

L'Isle told Mrs. Shortridge's adventure in the Patriarchal church; mentioned the street she was now in for lodgings, and his intention to yield his present quarters to her.

"Why Colonel L'Isle," exclaimed Lady Mabel, "you must be the very pink of chivalry. I do not know which most to admire, your gallant rescue of the dame, or your self-sacrificing spirit in finding her a home."

"You will make Shortridge jealous, L'Isle, by taking such good care of his wife," said Lord Strathern.

"Our sharp friend has too much sense," answered L'Isle, "to be guilty of such folly as that."

Major Conway setting the example, L'Isle now thought it time to take his leave, and he returned to his quarters with the air of a man who thought he had done a good day's work."

"I think said Lord Strathern to his daughter, "that L'Isle is improving in manners."

"His manners are good. Papa were they ever otherwise?"

"I mean that he is becoming more conciliatory, and more considerate of other people. He has scarcely differed from me to-day, and certainly did not undertake to

set me right, or contradict me even once, a habit he is *much* addicted to, and very unbecoming in so young a man! It is certainly, too, very kind of him to give up his comfortable quarters to the Shortridges, in their distress, particularly as I know he despises the man."

Now do not blunder on to the hasty conclusion, good reader, that L'Isle, having, at first sight, plunged over head and ears in love with Lady Mabel, had resolved to win and wear her with the least possible loss of time: that he was now investing the fortress, about to besiege it *in form*, and would hold himself in readiness to carry it by storm on the first opportunity. He acknowledged to himself no such intention; and he doubtless knew his own mind best. Without exactly holding the opinion of Sir John, as set forth by his follower, Bardolph, that a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife—he had often strenuously maintained, in opposition to some love-stricken comrade, that, in the midst of a bloody war, a soldier can give no worse proof of devotion to the lady of his choice, than urging her to become a promising candidate for early widowhood. He preached exceedingly well on this text, and it is but fair to believe that he would practice what he preached. No! in the interest he took in Lady Mabel's situation, he was actuated by no selfish or personal motives. He acquitted himself of that. Had he come across Lady Mabel's old Lisbon coach, beset by robbers, in her journey through the Alemtejo, he would have dashed in among them, sword in hand, like a true gentleman, and a good knight. Now, when he saw her surrounded by evils and embarrassments of a less tangible kind, the same spirit of chivalry brought him promptly to her aid.

Lady Mabel lost no time in adding Mrs. Shortridge to the list of her female acquaintances in Elvas, which, unlike that of her male friends, was so short, that this new comer was the only available one as a companion. This jewel of a companion, which elsewhere might have escaped her notice, was now seized upon as a diamond of the first water; and Mrs. Shortridge was happy and flattered to find herself the associate of a lady of rank, not to speak of her other merits.

It is not always similarity of character that makes people friends. It quite as often makes them rivals. To have what your companion wants, and to need what he can afford you, is a better foundation for those social partnerships, often dignified with the name of friendship. The great talker wants a good listener; the sluggish or melancholic are glad of a companion who will undertake the active duty of providing conversation and amusement; he whose nature it is to lead, wants some one who will follow; and the doubting man welcomes as a strong ally, him who will decide for him. As Dogberry says, "when two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind," and the social, compliant and admiring temper of Mrs. Shortridge fitted in so well with the animated, impulsive and vigorous spirit of Lady Mabel, that something very like friendship grew up between them.

Lady Mabel's habits now underwent a change, which proved that her late mode of life, and her morning and evening *leves* of epaulettes had been quite as much the result of necessity as of choice. Her father's house was still much frequented by her gay and dashing comrades. But whenever there was a large company to dinner, or any other causes brought many of the gentlemen to head-quarters, she

made a point of having Mrs. Shortridge at hand to countenance and sustain her; and in return she would often mount her horse early and canter into Elvas, followed only by a groom, to shut herself up with Mrs. Shortridge for a whole morning, doubtless in the enjoyment of those confidential feminine chats, for which she had longed so much. On these occasions, the representatives of the ruder sex seldom gained admittance; except that L'Isle would now and then drop in for an hour, he being too great a favorite with Mrs. Shortridge to be excluded; and for a time, he showed no disposition to abuse his special privilege.

It was on one of these occasions that L'Isle discovered, that with all his assiduity in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the peculiar and interesting land in which he had now spent more than four years, an assiduity, on the result of which he much prided himself, and which had done good service in his profession, there was still one important point that he had quite overlooked. He knew absolutely nothing of the botany of this region, nor indeed of any other. He made this discovery suddenly on hearing Lady Mabel express the interest she felt in this science, and her hope of finding many opportunities of pursuing it in a country whose Flora was so new to her. He at once began to supply this omission by borrowing from her half a dozen books on the subject. In two or three days he re-appeared, armed with a huge bunch of wild flowers and plants, and professed to have mastered the technicalities sufficiently to enter at once on the practical study of the science in the field. Unless he deceived himself he was an astonishing fast learner. Lady Mabel told him that she had heard that *poeta nascitur*, and now

she believed from analogy; for he was certainly born a botanist. He rebutted the sarcasm by showing that he had the terms stamen, pistil, calix, corollacapsule, and a host of others at the tip of his tongue; though possibly, had he been called upon to apply each in its proper place, he would have been like a certain student of geometry we once knew, who, by aid of a good memory alone, could demonstrate every theorem of Euclid's, without understanding one of them, provided the diagram was small enough to be hidden by his hand, so you could not detect him in pointing to the wrong angle and line.

January was gone, and the earlier of the two springs that mark this climate was opening beautifully. L'Isle displayed temptingly before Lady Mabel's eyes the wild flowers he had collected during a laborious morning spent on hill and plain, in wood and field, and urged her to lose no time in taking the field too, and making collections for the *hortus siccus*, of which she talked so

much; but towards which she had yet done nothing; while at the same time, she might, without trouble, indoctrinate him in the mysteries of this beautiful branch of natural history. Most of these flowers were new to her as living specimens. Her botanical enthusiasm was roused at the sight of them, and the offer of a pupil added to her zeal. When we know a little of anything, it is very pleasant to be applied to for instruction by the ignorant, as it enables us to flatter ourselves that we know a great deal. And it is only the more gratifying when our voluntary pupil is otherwise well informed.

It was at once arranged that the party should take the field to-morrow. Mrs. Shortridge, it is true, had no particular taste for botany. If the flowers in her *bouquet* were beautiful, or fragrant, or both, she did not trouble herself about their history, names, class, order or alliances; but pleasant company, fresh air, exercise and new scenes were inducements enough for her.

(To be continued.)

TOGETHER.

She is not here, but never far;
 Ever a purer thought,
 A clearer sky, a brighter star,
 Her name, removes the seeming bar
 And time to me is nought.

Together always! such belief
 Has nothing vain for me,
 Nor do I seek it for relief
 From doubt—it is most sure and chief
 Promise of what shall be.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

NO. III.

It is well known that the assumption of the rule of England by the Normans was productive of great changes in the governmental and social organization. All the landed property—comprising almost the entire wealth of the country—was at once taken from its former owners and vested in the king, by whom it was distributed among his followers. By this means the immediate possessors of the soil became tenants of their several farms, holding under the grantees of the crown; and the former land-holders were summarily ejected from their homes, unless they were fortunate enough to be admitted as sub-tenants to their new masters. It is probable very many were not allowed this privilege, and as the only alternative they must have become the slaves of their feudal lords. Immediately after the conquest, the distinction between the classes of slaves seems to have been well established. In Domesday Book, compiled A. D. 1086, only twenty years after the Battle of Hastings, they are enumerated by various names.*

The differences, however, were apparently very slight, except the primary and marked difference between personal and predial slaves, already noticed as probably existing under the Saxons, and clearly established among the Normans from the beginning. This divided their slaves into villeins regardant

and villeins in gross; the former answering to the feudal slaves, being attached permanently to the soil which they tilled, and not being sold, ordinarily, except in connection with it; the latter belonging absolutely to their lords, and liable to be alienated separately from their lands. Doubtless the number of slaves, already very great, was much increased by the action of the conquerors in enslaving some of the Saxons, while the nature of the servitude became, in process of time, greatly mitigated by the advancement in civilization, consequent on the infusion of the Norman element into the English character. It required centuries, however, for this effect to become manifest; leniency and moderation were not predominant traits in the character of the Northmen; the first invaders were scarcely more advanced in civilization than their island subjects; and we may safely presume, and history abundantly sustains the presumption, that the slavery maintained by the new possessors of the isle was at first not less severe than the slavery of the Saxons.

"The condition of a villein" says Mr. Hargrave, in his celebrated argument for the negro, in the case of John Somerset, "had most of the incidents which I have before described, in giving the idea of slavery in general. His service was uncertain and indeterminate, such as his Lord thought fit to require; or, as some of our ancient writers express it, he knew not in the evening what he

*Sir Edward Coke denies that the bordaril, coterelli, &c. mentioned in Domesday, were slaves; but neither reason nor authority is given for this assumption; and in the preface to the edition of Domesday, published by authority of Parliament, in 1793, the revising commissioners seem to have considered them as indisputably in bondage.

was to do in the morning. He was bound to do whatever he was commanded. He was liable to beating, imprisonment and every other chastisement his Lord might prescribe, except killing and maiming. He was incapable of acquiring property for his own use, the will having '*quicquid acquiritur servo, acquiritur domino*.' He was himself the subject of property—as such, saleable and transmissible; and lastly, the servitude was hereditary."

The transmission of their servitude by descent was regulated in a manner different from that usually adopted in countries where slavery is established. Children of whom the father only was a villein, were also villeins; while, if the mother only was a niece, as the female villeins were called, and the children were born in lawful matrimony, they likewise followed the condition of the father. Blackstone, after Coke, says that bastards could not, in any case, be born villeins, because, being *nullius filii*, they could not inherit the condition of their fathers. Notwithstanding the high authorities upon which this statement rests, it may be doubted whether it be true, except in regard to the issue of villeins and free women born out of wedlock; at least it is expressly asserted in the Mirror, "that those are villeins who are begotten of freemen and a niece, and born out of matrimony."*

In addition to the great authority of this ancient book, it is apparent that the contrary opinion is merely a dictum of Sir Edward Coke, founded upon a mistaken construction of a passage in Littleton. He himself cites several authorities of undoubted credit, including adjudged cases, to the contrary, but overrules them all, without any

authority, and merely because he thinks the case within the reason of the rule given by Littleton, which, it is obvious, is by no means necessarily applicable. The villeins regardant were in nearly the same condition as the Russian serfs of the present day. They were considered a part of the soil upon which they lived; they were not allowed to leave it without the consent of the Lord; and though they might be detached from it, they were usually alienated in connection with it. They were subjected to tasks of great severity, being obliged to till the Lord's soil and account for all its products, reserving for their reward only a scanty subsistence. They were not, however, compelled to perform base personal services, their obligation extending no further than to the cultivation of the soil on which they lived. The villeins in gross, on the contrary, were exempt from nothing. Not only were they bound to till the ground when required to do so, but they were also compelled to perform any species and any amount of labour their Lords might be pleased to exact of them. No service was too base; none too laborious. They were not considered as having individual wills, any more than beasts. The abjectness of their servitude is forcibly depicted in the definition given of them by Bracton: "*Qui scire non potest vespere, quale servitium fieri debet mané.*"

As has already been said, the slaves under the Anglo-Saxons were by far the most numerous class in the community. When the Normans took possession of the island this preponderance was probably,

* "The Mirror of Justices, written originally in the old French, long before the conquest, and many things added. By Andrew Horne. Translated into English by W. H. London. 1778." Vide chap. 2, sec. 28.

† Coke upon Littleton. 123 (a).

for a time at least, considerably increased. Compelled by the necessities of his position to satisfy the avidity of his rapacious followers, and exasperated as well as alarmed by the impatient restlessness manifested by the conquered people during the earlier part of his reign, William adopted the most vigorous policy towards his English subjects. He declared all the lands in the kingdom confiscated by reason of the rebellions which had occurred in various parts of the kingdom, and dispossessing all the former inhabitants, he substituted in the ownership of the land his own followers, who held according to the provisions of the feudal law. The whole kingdom was divided among some seven hundred tenants in chief, and again subdivided into sixty thousand two hundred and fifteen knight's fees.*

Of the first class all were Normans; of the second a few were probably Saxons. The effect of the introduction of the Feudal Law, therefore, however its eventual operation might have been favourable to the emancipation of the enslaved classes, was at first greatly to increase their numbers, as well as the hardships of their condition. Those Saxons who had formerly been small land holders, as well as those landless freemen who had been their dependants, were compelled, by necessity, to place themselves under the protection and into the service of some of the dominant possessors of the soil. The terms of this compact most probably were, on the one hand, a scanty subsistence and an uncertain security from the oppression of any except the liege lord, and upon the other, in most cases, entire and absolute slavery, and in the few exceptional instances vassalage and feudal alle-

giance which, as is well known, was but little better than ceremonious servitude. Those who had been slaves under the Saxon rule, were slaves still; while many who had been masters were reduced, by the fortunes of war, perhaps by just retribution, to the level of their former bondmen. Nor were the hardships of their state at all mitigated by this division of their burdens. It is more than probable that the contrary was the case. It is, indeed, difficult to imagine a condition much more miserable than that of the servile classes among the Saxons, but it is certain that that condition could not have been ameliorated by the change in their masters. Their new Lords were strangers, of a different lineage, different speech and different habits. They were hated and feared by the Saxons as foreigners, invaders and conquerors, as well as hard and merciless masters; while, on the other hand, the slaves themselves were despised by their masters, not merely as slaves, but as Saxon slaves. To the antagonism of class was added the antipathy of race, and to that, for a time at least, was superadded the relentless hatred of conqueror and conquered. The English conspired to murder, in one general rebellion, all of the other people; it was unsafe for a Norman gentleman to walk abroad alone; no opportunity was lost by the subjected people of avenging their wrongs, real or fancied, by private assassination or public massacre. The Normans, on the other hand, maintained their ascendancy with the utmost strictness and by measures of the utmost severity. The monuments of their hard rule are still to be found in English customs and in English literature. The curfew may suffice as an example.

*Hume, vol. 1, p. 195.

At eight o'clock all fires were to be put out, and all assemblages dispersed. The unfortunate slave, after the toils of the day, was not allowed to converse, lest he should conspire, with his fellows. He was compelled to forego the pleasures of social, and perhaps, of familiar intercourse. His only resource was to retire in solitude to recuperate, in necessary sleep, his exhausted energies, that he might be ready for the labours of the morrow. It was by such regulations that the Norman rule was maintained, and it was the natural tendency of such regulations to perpetuate the distinction and the attendant jealousies of the races. Many years elapsed before the barriers between Normans and Englishmen were broken down, and the two people assimilated into one. It was not until the impatient and high-spirited barons had asserted their rights against the crown, and extorted from the reluctant John the acknowledgment of those rights in the Great Charter, that the lower orders, composed exclusively of Englishmen, began to be recognized as of any importance in the government. The slaves indeed were not even then regarded as possessed of any political rights—the terms of Magna Charta being expressly confined to freemen—but nevertheless the beginning of the independence of the lower orders was simultaneous with the beginning of the union of the nobles and the commons against the crown. The admission of the Third Estate as a constitutional element of the government, prepared the way for the gradual emancipation of the villeins. The combined power of the aristocracy and the king had long been sufficient, and if they had remained united, would doubtless much longer have been sufficient to keep the lower orders, not mere-

ly in subjection, but in slavery. Their disagreement, however, threw the balance of power into the hands of that class from which the military strength of the kingdom was drawn, and was one of the chief causes which combined to produce the singular phenomenon we shall have to narrate of a whole people passing from abject slavery into constitutional liberty by processes so gradual and from causes so recondite as hardly to be perceived by the superficial student.

Yet, although it was, eventually, by the indirect co-operation of the nobles that the commons and the slaves of England achieved their independence, it was by no means within the original intention of any party to Magna Charta, or to any of the other instruments made in restraint of the enormous and encroaching prerogative of the crown, to extend its benefits to the unfortunate bondmen. So far from it, the earlier attempts of the slaves to obtain a recognition of their rights as human beings, and a mitigation in the severity of their exacted tasks were remorselessly quelled and indignantly denounced as atrocious rebellions.

In the beginning of the reign of Richard II. a disposition on the part of the lower classes to demand a larger share of consideration in the community, began to manifest itself. Taking advantage of some passages in Domesday Book, many who held their lands by villein service began to deny the conditions of their tenancy, and to refuse to perform the labour exacted by their lords. Much discontent prevailed from other causes. A capitation tax was framed out, and so rigorously levied, that an act of oppressive insolence, committed under its colour, was the principal occasion, according to Mr. Hume, of the outbreak of those incendiary princi-

ples which the arts and eloquence of impassioned and intriguing demagogues had disseminated among the people. The rebellion of Wat Tyler was the consequence of these things, and although the historian of England seems to think this disturbance was principally caused by oppressive revenue laws, the authorities conduce to prove that it was, in reality, merely an insurrection of slaves.* In order to remedy the grievances occasioned by the villeins attempting to hold their lands freed from their feudal services, under pretence of their exemptions from Domesday, the Parliament, "upon the gracious plaint of the Lords and Commons of the realm, as well of Holy Church as others,"† enacted, in 1378, a law providing for the imprisonment without bail, by any justice of the peace, of all villeins who should lay claim to their freedom under such transcripts, and declaring that the exemptions, themselves, should not be read as evidence in any action for liberty. The law was retro active, imprisonment being denounced against the crime of claiming liberty "in time past, as well as in time to come." The refractory villeins were to be imprisoned so long as their lords chose; but, once in durance, they could not be liberated, even by their lords, until a fine had been paid to the king. "Nothing could have been more severe," says Mr. Barrington, "than this law in every part of it;" and, according to our modern ideas of right, his criticism is certainly just. The crime charged was merely claiming to be free; the punishment was imprisonment, at the pleasure of an exasperated master, and fine, at the discretion of a needy king; the law itself was, *ex post*

facto; the tribunal was a single judge, instead of a regular jury, and lastly, the public records were not allowed to be read as evidence in favor of the accused. Disappointed of their hopes of freedom, exasperated by the hardships of their lot, rendered still more oppressive by this law, and excited by the eloquence of their orators, who busily inculcated among them agrarian sentiments, the people, at length, rose in arms. The cause, progress and termination of this rebellion, known in history as Wat Tyler's, is related, at considerable length, by Froissart, from whose work we extract a few passages:

"It is customary in England, as well as in several other countries, for the nobility to have great privileges over the commonalty, whom they keep in bondage; that is to say, they are bound by law and custom to 'plough the lands of gentlemen, to harvest the grain, to carry it home to the barn; to thrash and winnow it; they are also bound to harvest the hay, and carry it home. All these services they are obliged to perform for their lords, and many more in England than in other countries. The prelates and gentlemen are thus served. In the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex and Bedford, these services are more oppressive than in all the rest of the kingdom.

"The evil-disposed in these districts began (1381) to rise, saying they were too severely oppressed; that at the beginning of the world there was no slavery, and no one ought to be treated as such unless he had committed treason against his lord, as Lucifer had against God; but they had done no such thing, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but were formed after the same likeness as their lords, by whom they were treated as beasts. This they would no longer bear, but were determined to be free; and if they labored, or did any other work for the lords, they would be paid for it.' An immense concourse of these persons, armed and organized, being encamped just outside the city of London, they were visited by the king, and the interview is thus related: 'On the king's arrival, attended by the barons, he found upwards of sixty thousand men, assembled from different villages

* Barrington on the Statutes—quoting Rymer, p. 232.—*Froissart's Chronicles*.

† Cap. 6th Stat. 2d, Richard II., English Statutes at large, vol. 1, p. 7.

and counties; he instantly advanced among them, saying, in a pleasant manner, 'My good people, I am your king and your lord; what do you want, and what do you wish to say to me?' Those who heard him answered, 'We wish thou would'st make us free, us, our heirs, and our lands, and that we should no longer be called slaves, nor held in bondage.' The king replied, 'I grant your wish, now, therefore, return home to the places whence you came, leaving here two or three men from each village, to whom I will cause letters to be given, sealed with my seal, which they shall carry back, with every demand of yours fully granted.' These words greatly pleased the novices and well-meaning ones who were there and knew not what they wanted, saying, 'It is well said; we do not wish for more.' The people were thus quieted, and began to return towards London. The populace being dispersed by this device, a battle was subsequently fought between the king's forces and these insurgents, headed by Wat Tyler, to the number of 30,000, who had refused to go home on the security of the king's charters, and the rebels were disastrously defeated. Thereupon Froissart says: 'It was then ordered, under pain of death, that all those who had obtained the king's letters should deliver them up. Some did so, but not all. The king, on receiving them, had them torn up in their presence.'²*

Subsequently, the king made a pilgrimage, through his kingdom, demanding back his letters patent, which he burned, and executing, according to the Chronicle, some fifteen hundred persons.

With such mercy and justice was slavery treated in England five hundred years ago. Hitherto there seems to have been little or no mitigation in their condition. They were treated under the Normans pretty much as they had been treated under the Saxons and the Britons. Amid the frequent successions of the government, the laws, the languages, and the religion of the various people who had dominated over them, the servile classes had sustained, with temporary variations, nearly the same relation to their masters. They seem, up to this time, to have

retained their proportionable preponderance in point of numbers, without much permanent variation. From this period, however, a change is dated, and, by the operation of various causes, the practice of emancipation increased with such rapidity that, in the course of two hundred years, the institution of slavery became extinct in England. From the time of the insurrection, in 1381, various and radical modifications took place in the complexion and conditions of slavery, until the beginning of the reign of James I, when the institution may be fairly said to have become extinct in England. Its abolition was not effected by law, but by the gradual operation of causes existent in the nature of the people, and developed by their progression in civilization. Its cessation excited but little notice at the time, and the causes producing it must still be sought, not in the recorded opinions of contemporary authors, but in the probable effects of causes which are known to have existed. A philosophical disquisition, attempting to ascertain fully all these causes, and to indicate, eminently and exactly, the respective influences of each, would greatly exceed our limits, but a brief enumeration of them may not be inappropriate.

The principal causes, then, which combined to effect the enfranchisement of the English villeins, were these: the civil wars waged between the different contestants for the crown, the increase of popular power consequent upon the disagreement of the king and the aristocracy, the growth of commerce and the privileged boroughs, the notion which at one time prevailed, that slavery and christianity were inconsistent, the inherent nature of the feudal law, and the fact that

* Froissart's Chronicles, Caps. 75-79.

masters and slaves were of the same color, lineage and language, the united action of these causes, excited by the progression of events, and operating with different degrees of effect, sufficed, at length, to change the character of the relation of labor to capital in England.

The first three of these causes, though distinct in their nature, were yet so blended in their operation, that they may well be considered together. The civil disturbances occasioned by the contests between rival candidates for royal power, and by the extension of the pretensions of the Commons to political importance, produced a necessity for soldiers, and, as the military strength could be recruited, when troops were wanted in any numbers, only from the laboring classes, the effect was to liberate many slaves by their becoming soldiers. They were not bound to any military service, except upon condition of liberty, and as their military services were required, at every cost, many, doubtless, took advantage of the opportunity. But the unsettled state of the country, especially during the long and bloody wars of the White and Red Roses, contributed far more in an indirect, than in a direct manner, to enable the villeins to effect their emancipation. It had early been established, in favor of commerce, that if a villein escaped into a borough town, and remained a whole year, he was to be free, and the same privilege was allowed to a residence, for that length of time, upon any of the king's demesnes.* The same effect was produced by many acts, or even negligences, of the lord; such as permitting the slave to sue in any court, or to answer without his lord when sued, suffering him to be a

juror, or other such acts, amounting in the view of the law, to a tacit admission of the right to freedom. Although this rule was, most probably, founded rather in the technical rules of pleading, and the arbitrary doctrine of estoppel, introduced by the Norman lawyers, than in any disposition to favor manumission, yet, by its means, the process of emancipation was greatly expedited. The lords being compelled, by the commotions in the country, to be often absent in the wars, could not prevent their villeins from taking advantage of these provisions of the law, and effecting their manumission by secreting themselves, for the prescribed length of time, within some city. "It appears, by the lately printed rolls of Parliament," says Mr. Barrington, "that about the first year of Henry IV. many of the natives left the manors and demesnes of their lords, and took refuge in the trading towns whence the lords could not claim them, on account of their charters and privileges."†

That the idea that the religion of Jesus Christ required from its professors the manumission of their slaves, contributed to effect this great change, in the condition of the lower classes is unquestionably true, but we think an undue degree of influence has hitherto been attributed to it. Mr. Macaulay even indicates this opinion as the chief agent, but it is probable that it was far less powerful than others which combined with it in producing the same result. So far from its being true, as Mr. Macaulay asserts, that the Christianity of Rome was peculiarly disposed to effect this end, it has been expressly asserted that the motion was originally propagated by Wycliffe and his followers,

* Mirror of Justices, Cap. 2, sec. 28.

† Observations on the Ancient Statutes, p. 232, Dublin, 1767.

and, beyond question, it did not operate to any extent until the appearance of that reformer. That slavery was not "peculiarly odious" to the Romish Church of the middle ages, has been conclusively demonstrated by Mr. Fletcher,* and, is moreover, a fact so notorious, that it hardly required a demonstration. Very early indeed in the history of the island, it had been customary for masters occasionally to manumit their slaves, from a belief that it would be meritorious in the sight of God. Camden relates, that when Wilfred, of York, proclaimed Christianity, for the first time, to his vassals living on the island of Celsey, in the County of Sussex, he enfranchised two hundred and fifty of them; Mr. Turner mentions the fact, that it was not unfrequent, even among the Saxons, for masters to bequeath freedom to their slaves from motives of charity; but, not until the appearance of Wyckliffe, and the political agitators contemporary with him, does it seem ever to have entered any one's mind, far less to have been taught as a doctrine of the church, that holding slaves was unlawful. Emancipation was indeed regarded as a humane and merciful act, but merely because it was a sacrifice of right for the benefit of another; the bequest of freedom was regarded as an act of grace, not of justice, on the part of the masters, entitling him to the lasting gratitude of the slave; and the practice of obedience to this imperfect obligation of voluntary humanity, can no more be considered a legitimate proof that slavery was then regarded as prohibited by christianity, than the practice, in our day, of giving alms in

charity, can be construed as denying the right of property.

But it is certain that the belief in the unlawfulness of the institution did eventually prevail, and it is probable that this belief, arising, we believe, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, exerted some influence in the emancipation of the English villeins.† This influence, however, was temporary and limited, being founded upon the fanatical excess of a reform, regarded by the church as heretical, and by the State as treasonable; and, whoever regards the result as having been mainly brought about through its agency, would find it difficult to sustain his opinion by satisfactory testimony. The chief cause of that result was not, in our opinion, religion, nor in any way connected with moral causes influencing the minds of men, but is to be found in the inherent nature of the Feudal Law.

The institution of Feudalism in England is generally regarded as having been productive only of unmixed evil, but we are decidedly convinced, that to its introduction is properly to be attributed, if not the abolition of slavery, at least the precipitation of that event. The progress of society, the dissemination of information among a people as capable as the English, even though slaves, and the invention of those financial agencies, whereby capital is enabled to command labour without undertaking to provide a permanent sustenance for the labourer, would inevitably, in the course of time, have destroyed a slavery not founded upon any distinction of colour, race or language; yet, but for the coming of the Normans, that event might

* Fletcher on Slavery, Study iv.

† "I cannot, however, but think," says Mr. Barrington, to whose curious and laborious research we are greatly indebted, "that neither the Christian religion nor the Common Law, ever inculcated or established such a tenet."

have been delayed for centuries. The Feudal Law, however, introduced by them, bearing in itself, from its very oppressiveness, the elements of eventual and certain decay, incorporated into its own system the institution of slavery, and involved in it the fate which awaited itself. From the beginning the patriarchal character of the relations under the Saxons was changed. Instead of the land being held by small farmers, each personally directing the labour of his own slaves, the whole kingdom was divided among a few nobles, who permitted their lands to be tilled by their slaves without their personal supervision. Almost constantly absent from their estates, either at Court, or on the Continent, engaged in the French wars, they required the attendance of few personal slaves; the villeins in gross were, for the most part, transformed into villeins regardant; the services of the latter class were allowed to be discharged by the payment of rent in kind; gradually they came to be regarded rather as tenants than as serfs attached to the soil; the connection between them and the land was gently dissolved; by the lapse of time they acquired a prescriptive right to personal freedom, and thus by easy, though slow processes, the right whereby they held their lands, became entangled into that tenancy known in the Common Law as copyhold. It mattered little to the lord who received his rents regularly, whether he received them in the capacity of landlord or master; reduced oftentimes to positive want, he was frequently willing to follow the example set by Edward III. and allow his vassals to purchase their nominal freedom, still remaining on the land as tenants; and thus the great mass of the slaves were silently emancipated

without the intervention of law, and without even the exact date of the change being known. If the slave-holders had been men of small property, living on their lands and personally superintending the labour of their respective slaves, thus preserving the character of the relation as personal, and not a mere incident to the possession of the soil, it is not in the least probable that this result could have been accomplished without much excitement, turbulence and bloodshed. As it was, the hand of time gently dissolved the ties which connects master and slave, already greatly weakened by the want of personal communication and the absence of common interests; and so, gradually and silently, without disturbance, without violence, without attracting the notice, far less exciting the resistance of any, by an euthanasia so gentle that the exact period of its expiration cannot be determined, the institution of slavery became extinct in England.

Here we close our task. From the beginning of the reign of James I. we hear no more of villenage, although it has never, even to this day, been legally abolished. A hundred years later, after a protracted struggle, with various success, the people of England were firmly established in the possession of constitutional liberty, and since that time they have been enabled to preserve themselves in that possession. For twenty-seven hundred years, as we have endeavored to show, the probabilities are that the great mass of the people were in a state of slavery, combining the most abject degradation with the most oppressive severity; for two hundred years they have maintained themselves in the possession of constitutional freedom. The story is a rare one on the pages of

history, and we think it pregnant with matter for reflection. The recorded cases are few in which nations have thrown off the yoke of personal slavery, and, at the same time, preserved themselves unsubjected to the yoke of governmental despotism. The most eminent of these instances is, beyond question, that of England—if, indeed, any other can be found—and it required there a most extraordinary and wonderful combination of co-operating causes to produce this result. By the signal blessing of God, as we think, that combination was there developed, and by the exertion of their utmost energies, under the guidance of some of the most remarkable men the world has ever produced, the English people have achieved and preserved their rational and individual freedom. We do not presume to discuss the questions to which a consideration of these things might give rise. Reflecting men can determine for themselves whether this is a case likely to occur again; whether it is probable the like causes will again be combined; whether it be possible long to maintain popular government without the conservative element of slavery; and if it be, whether it can be done without the substitution of privileged classes under the form of an aristocracy. To reflecting men we leave the whole matter. We intended in the beginning to relate the facts without obtruding arguments in favor of the abstract expediency of slavery—our belief in which, however, we do not attempt to disguise—and we have related the facts, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, without speculative comment.

In common with every other American, we rejoice that the slavery we have portrayed as existing in England so long, has now ceased

to exist within her borders. The slavery of whites to whites, is not greatly to our admiration, anywhere; and, least of all, among those to whom we are so peculiarly related. We will not retaliate any uncharitable desire they may possibly entertain for the downfall of American institutions, and especially of the institutions of the South, by intimating a wish that their malevolence might return upon themselves. So far from it we heartily rejoice in the prosperity of the English people, which we hope may be perpetual. The freedom they enjoy was nobly achieved, and we trust it may be long retained and well employed. If the necessary conditions are observed, we are convinced they will ever remain a free, magnanimous and enlightened people. But these conditions are inexorable. They are given in the following passage from Milton, with the eloquence of fervent patriotism, and replete with the wisdom of exalted intelligence, in which, if its sublime truths were rightly received and appreciated, the immortal author would have left to mankind a richer legacy than even his great epic, and to which, in the unapproachable magnificence of the original diction, we desire to direct the attention of those of our fellow-citizens who may peruse these pages.

"Nam et vos, ô cives, quales ipsi sitis ad libertatem vel acquirendam vel retinendam haud parvi interest: nisi libertas vestra ejusmodi sit, quae neque parari armis neque auferri possit, ea autem sola est, quae pietate iustitia, temperantia, vera denique virtute nata, altas atque intimas radices animis vestris egerit, non deerit profecto qui vobis istam, quam vi atque armis quæsissemus gloriamini, etiam sine armis cito eripiat. Nisi avaritiam, ambitionem, luxuriam mentibus expuleritis, quem tyrannum foris et in acie quaerendum credidistis, eum domi, eum intus vel duriorem sentietis, immo multi Indies tyranni ex ipsis prae cordiis vestris intolerandi pululabunt.

"Scitote enim, ne forte stomachemini, aut quemquam præter vosmetipsos inculpate possitis, scitote, quemadmodum esse liberum, idem planè est atque esse pium, esse justum, esse sapientem ac temperantem, sui providum, alieni abstinentem, atque exinde demum magnanimum ac fortem; ita his contrarium esse, idem esse atque esse servum: solitoque Dei judicio et quasi talione justissima fit, ut quæ gens se regere seque moderari nequit, suisque ipsa se libidinibus in servitutem tradidit, ea aliis, quibus et nollet dominis tradatur; nec libens modo sed invita quoque serviat. Qui liberi igitur vultis permanere, aut sapite imprimis aut quamprimum respicite: si servire durum est atque nolitis, rectæ rationi obtemperare discite, vestrum esse compotes; postremo factionibus, odiis, superstitionibus, injuriis, libidinibus ac rapinis invicem abstinete."*

So spoke the great poet-statesman; his counsel seems to us as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God. We in America have a right to appropriate his sublime teachings. His earnest warning was addressed to our ancestors, and is, therefore, ours by inheritance. Let us then give heedful attention to this voice from the illustrious dead; let us ponder deeply the lofty teachings of the noble passage we have quoted, and next—though at a great distance—to the **FAREWELL ADDRESS**, let us hold in remembrance and reverence, its solemn admonitions.

SONNET.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now is my life approaching, in its course
With fragile bark across the stormy sea,
The common port; where uttered faithfully,
The deeds are told of good, or vain remorse.
Nor shall that pleasing fancy there have force
Of art self-raised to man's idolatry.
Too well I know this error; never free
Is man from error in his poor discourse.
And these my thoughts, now joyful to my heart,
What shall they be, when death is by my side?
Two deaths! One sure, the second most alarms.
Nor painting then nor sculpture shall exert
Its power; but all the soul be sanctified
By Him, who opens from the cross His arms.

AVOLIO—A LEGEND OF THE ISLAND OF COS.*

What time the Norman ruled in Sicily
 At that mild season when the vernal sea
 Is ruffled only by the zephyrs gay,
 A goodly ship set sail upon her way
 From Ceos unto Smyrna; through the calm
 She passed by sunny islands crowned; with palm,
 Until,—so witching tender was the breeze,
 So drugged the hours with balms of slumbrous ease,
 That they who manned her in the genial air
 And dalliance of the time, forgot the care
 Due to her courses; in the warm sunshine
 They lay enchanted, dreaming dreams divine,
 Whilst drifting heedless on the Halcyon water
 The bark obeyed whatever currents caught her.
 Borne onward thus for many a charmed day,
 They reach at length a wide and wooded bay
 The haunt of birds whose purpling wings, in flight,
 Made even the gold-hued morning seem more bright,
 Flushed as with darting rainbows; through the tide
 By the o'erripen pomegranate juices dyed,
 And laving boughs of the wild fig, and grape,
 Great shoals of dazzling fishes madly ape
 The play of silver lightnings in the deep
 Translucent pools: the crew awoke from sleep,
 Or, rather, that strange trance which on them pressed
 Gently as sleep; yet still they seemed to rest
 Fanned by voluptuous gales, by Morphean languors blessed.
 The shore sloped upward into foliaged hills
 Cleft by the channels of a maze of rills
 That sent their clarion voices clear, and loud,
 Up to the answering eagle in the cloud;
 Green vales there were between, and pleasant lawns
 Thick-set with blooms, like sheen of tropic dawns
 Brightening the Orient; further still, the glades
 Of murmurous forests flecked with golden shades
 Stretched glimmering Southward; on the woods' far rim,
 Faintly discerned through veiling vapors, dim
 A *∞* mists of Indian summer, the wide view
 Was clasped by mountains flickering in the blue
 And hazy distance:—over all there hung
 The morn's eternal beauty calm and young.

Amidst the throng that gazed with wondering faces
 On that fair Eden, and its fairy graces,

*The authority for this Legend will be found in a paper called "*The Daughter of Hippocrates*," which first appeared in Leigh Hunt's "INDICATOR."

Was one—Avolio,—a brave youth of Florence,
 Self-exiled from his country, in abhorrence
 Of the base, blood-stained tyrants dominant there :—
 A gentleman he was of gracious air,
 And liberal as the summer, skilled in lore
 Of arms, and chivalry, and many more
 Deep sciences, which others left unlearned ;
 He loved adventure ; how his spirit burned
 Within him, when as now, a chance arose
 To search untravelled forests, and strange foes
 Vanquish by puissance of knightly blows,
 Or, rescue maidens from malignant spells
 Enforced by hordes of wizard sentinels :
 So, in the ardor of his martial glee
 He clapped his hands, and shouted suddenly ;
 “ Ho ! Sirs ! a challenge ! let us pierce these woods
 Down to the core ; explore the solitudes,
 And make this flowery empire all our own ;
 Who knows but we may conquer us a throne ;
 At least, bold feats await us, grand emprise
 To win us favour in our ladies’ eyes ;—
 By Heaven ! he is a coward who delays !”
 So saying, all his countenance ablaze
 With fiery zeal, the youth sprang lightly up,
 And with right lusty motion filled a cup
 (They brought him straightway)—to the glistening brim
 With Cyprus wine—“ now glory unto him
 Who bent on gallant deeds, no danger daunts,
 Whose constant soul a constant impulse haunts
 Which spurs him onward, onward, to the end ;
 Pledge we the Brave ! and may St. Ermo send
 Success to crown our valiantest !” this said,
 Avolio shoreward leaped, and with him led
 The whole ship’s company.

A motley band,

Were they who mustered, ’round him on the strand,
 Mixed knights, and traders, the first, fired for toil
 Which promised glory, the last, hot—for spoil.
 Through breezy paths, and beds of blossoming thyme
 Kept fresh by secret springs, the showery chime
 Of whose clear falling waters in the dells,
 Played like an airy peal of elán bells,
 With eager minds, but aimless, idle feet,
 (The scene about them was so lone, and sweet,
 It spelled their steps), ’mid labyrinths of flowers,
 By mossy streams, and in deep shadowed bowers,
 They strayed from charm to charm through lengths of languid hours.
 In thickets of wild fern, and rustling broom
 The bumble-bee buzzed past them with a boom
 Of insect thunder, and in glens afar
 The golden fire-fly, a small, animate star
 Shone from the twilight of the darkling leaves.

High noon it was, but dusk like mellow eve's
 Reigned in the wood's deep places, whence it seemed
 That flushing locks, and quick arch glances gleamed,
 From eyes scarce human; thus the fancy deemed
 Of those most given to marvels; the rest laughed
 A merry jeering laugh, and many a shaft
 Launched from the Norman cross-bow pierced the nooks,
 Or cleft the shallow channels of the brooks,
 Whence, as the credulous swore, an Oread shy,
 And a glad nymph had peeped out laughingly.

Thus wandering, they reached a sombre mound
 Rising abruptly from the level ground,
 And planted thick with dark funereal trees,
 Whose foliage waved and murmured, though the breeze
 Had sunk to midnight quiet, and the sky
 Just o'er the place seemed locked in apathy,
 Like a fair face wan with the sudden stroke
 Of death, or heart-break; not a word they spoke,
 But paused with wide, bewildered, gleaming eyes
 Standing at gaze: what mortal terrors rise
 And coil about their hearts with serpent fold;
 And O! what loathly scene is this they hold,
 Grasped with unwinking vision, as they creep,
 (Led by their very horror,) up the steep,
 And the whole preternatural landscape dawns
 Freezingly on them; a broad stretch of lawns
 Sown with rank poisonous grasses, whence the dew
 Of hovering exhalations flickered blue,
 And wavering on the dead—still atmosphere;
 Dead still it was, and yet the grasses sere,
 Stirred as with horrid life amidst the sickening glare!
 The affrighted crew (all save Avolio) fled
 Incontinent, but his dull feet with lead
 Seemed freighted; whilst his Terror whispered "fly,"
 The spell of some uncouth Necessity
 Baffled retreat, and ruthless, scourged him on;
 Meanwhile the sun thro' darkening vapors shone
 Nigh to his setting, and a sudden blast—
 Sudden and chill—woke shrilly up and passed
 With ghostly din, and tumult; airy sounds
 Of sylvan horns, and sweep of circling hounds
 Nearing the quarry: now, the wizard chase
 Swept faintly, faintly up the fields of space,
 And now, with backward rushing whirl roared by
 Louder, and fiercer, till a maddening cry,
 A bitter shriek of human agony
 Leaped up, and died, amidst the stifling yell
 Of brutes athirst for blood: a crowning swell
 Of savage triumph followed, mixed with wails
 Sad as the dying songs of Nightengales
 Murmuring the name—ACREON!

Even as one—

A 'rapt sleep-walker—through the shadows dun
Of half-oblivious sense, with soulless gaze
Goes idly journeying 'midst uncertain ways,
Thus did Avolio, sore perplexed in mind,
(Excess of mystery made his spirit blind,)
Grove through the gloom; anon he reached a fount
Whose watery columns had long ceased to mount
Above its prostrate Tritons: near at hand,
Damned up in part by heaps of yellow sand,—
Dead-white, and lustreless,—a rivulet
Of oozy banks, with dank dark alders set,
Blurred in its turbid tides the o'erhanging sky;
The melancholy waters seemed to sigh
In wailful murmurs of articulate woe,
And struggling from the sullen depths below,
This dirge arose:—

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED NAIAD.

I.

Woe! woe is me! the ages pass away,
The mortal seasons run their mystic rounds,
Whilst here I wither for the sun-bright Day,
Its genial sights, and sounds,
Woe! woe is me!

II.

One summer night, in centuries long ago,
I saw my Oread-lover leave the brake,
I heard him plaining on the peaceful lawn
A plaint "for my sweet sake,"
Woe! woe is me!

III.

Harkening! I couched upon a reedy bank.
Until—the music grew so mournful wild,
Its sweet despair o'ercame me, and I sank
Weak, wailful as a child,
Woe! woe is me!

IV.

My heart leaped up to answer that fond lay,
But suddenly, the star-girt planets paled,
And high into the welkin's glimmering gray
Majestic Dian sailed,
Woe! Woe, is me!

V.

She swept aloft bold, burning as the sun,
And wrathful red as fiery-crested Mars,
Then knew I that some fearful deed was done
On earth, or in the stars,
Woe! Woe, is me!

VI.

With ghastly face upraised, and shuddering throat,
I watched the Portent with a prescient pain,
When, lightning-harbed a beamy arrow smote,
Or seemed to smite my brain,

Woe! Woe, is me!

VII.

Oblivion clasped me, till I woke forlorn,
Fettered, and sorrowing on this lonely bed,
Shut from the mirthful kisses of the Morn,—
Earth's glories overhead,

Woe! Woe, is me!

VIII.

The South winds stir the sedges into song,
The blossoming myrtles scent the enamored air,
But still, sore moaning for another's wrong,
I pine in sadness here,

Woe! Woe, is me!

IX.

Alas! alas! the weary centuries flee!
The waning seasons perish,—dark, or bright,—
My grief alone like some charmed poison-tree,
Knows not an autumn blight,

Woe! Woe, is me!

The mournful sounds swooned off, but Echo rose
And bore them up divinely to a close
Of rare mysterious sweetness; nevermore
Shall mortal winds to listening wood and shore,
Bring such heart-melting music; "where, O! where!"
Avolio murmured, "to what haunted sphere
Hath dubious Fate my errant footsteps brought?"
Launched on a baffling sea of mystic thought,
His reason in a whirling chaos lost
Compass and chart, and headway, vaguely tossed
'Midst flitting shapes of wingéd phantasies;—
Just then uplifting his bewildered eyes,
He saw—half hid in shade—the pillars grand,
Of a great gateway reared on either hand,
And close beyond them, nested in a wood
Of stern aspect, a sombrous mansion stood:
Long wreaths of ghastly ivy on its walls
Quivered like goblin tapestry, or palls,
Tattered and rusty, mildewed in the chill
Of dreadful vaults; across each window-sill
Curtains of weird device, and fiery hue
Hung moveless—only when the sun glanced through
The gathering glooms, the hieroglyphs took form
And life, and action, and the whole grew warm
With meanings baffling to Avolio's sense:—
He stood expectant, trembling, with intense

Dread in his eyes, and yet a struggling faith
 Vital at heart ;—a sudden, passion breath
 Of mystic wind thrilled by his tingling ear,
 Waving the curtains inward, and his fear
 Uprose victorious, for a serpent shape,
 Tall, lithe, and writhing, with malignant gape,
 Which showed its fiery fangs, hissed in the gleam
 Its own fell eyeballs kindled ; oh ! supreme
 The horror of that vision ! as he gazed,
 Irresolute, mute, motionless, amazed,
 The monster disappeared ; a moment sped !
 The next, it fawned before him on a bed
 Of scarlet poppies ; “ speak ! ” Avolio said,
 “ What art thou ? speak ! I charge thee in God’s name ; ”
 A death-cold shudder seized the serpent’s frame,
 Its huge throat writhed, whence bubbling with a throe
 Of hideous import, a voice thin and low,
 Broke like a mudded rill ; “ bethink thee well !
 This Isle is Cos, of which old legends tell
 Such marvels ; hast thou never heard of me,
 The Island’s fated Queen ? ” “ Aye ! verily ! ”
 Avolio cried, “ thou art that thing of Dread ! ”—
 Sharply the Serpent raised its glittering head
 And front tempestuous, “ hold ! no tongue save mine
 Shall solve *that* mystery ! pry’thee then, incline
 Thine ear to the sad story of my grief,
 And with thine ear, yield, yield me thy belief—
 Foul as I am, there *was* a time O ! youth !
 When these fierce eyes were founts of love and truth,
 There *was* a time when woman’s blooming grace
 Glowed through the flush of roses in my face,
 When,—but I sinned a deep and damning sin—
 I cursed the great Diana ! I defied
 The night’s immaculate Goddess, argent-eyed,
 And holiest of Immortals ! I denied
 The eternal might which looks so cold and calm,
 Therefore, O ! stranger ! am I what I am,
 A monster meet for Tartarus ! a thing
 Whereon men gaze with awe and shuddering,
 And stress of inward terror ; through all time,
 Down to the last age my abhorred crime
 Must hold me prisoner in this vile abode,
 Unless some man large-hearted as a God,
 Bolder than Casar, mercifully deign
 To kiss me on the mouth ! ” She towered amain
 With sparkling crest, and universal thrill
 Of frenzied eagerness that seemed to fill
 Her cavernous eyes with jets of lurid fire ;—
 “ And if I do accord thee thy desire,”
 Avolio answered, “ what sure guage have I,
 That this same kiss thy cursed destiny
 Hath not ordained—the least elaborate plan
 Whereby to snare and slay me ? ” “ O ! man ! man ! ”

The Serpent answered with a loftier mien,
 The while, her voice grew mild, her front serene,
 "Shall *Matter* always triumph; the base mould
 Mask the immortal essence, uncontrolled
 Save by your grovelling fancies! O! etern,
 And grand Benignities that breathe and burn
 Throughout Creation, are we but the motes
 In some vain dream that idly aways and floats
 To nothingness, or, are your *grandeurs* pent
 Within ourselves, to rise magnificent
 In bloom and music, when we bend above,
 And wake them by the kisses of our love!
 I yearn to be made beautiful! alas!
 Beauty itself looks on prepared to pass
 In callous disbelief! one action kind,
 Would enfranchise me,—why art thou so blind
 Avolio,"—while she spoke, two timorous hares
 Scared by a threatening falcon from their lairs,
 Rushed to the Serpent's side; with fondling tongue
 She soothed them as a mother soothes her young:
 Avolio mused; "can innocent things like these,
 Take refuge by her? then perchance some good,
 Some tenderness, if rightly understood,
 Lurks in her nature; *I will do the deed,*
Christ and the Virgin save me at my need!"

He signed the monster nearer, closed his eyes,
 And with some natural shuddering, some deep sighs,
 Gave up his pallid lips to the foul kiss;
 What followed then?—a traitorous serpent hiss
 Sharper for triumph? Oh! not so—he felt
 A warm rich clinging mouth approach and melt
 In languid, loving sweetness on his own,
 And two fond arms caressingly were thrown
 About his neck, and on his bosom pressed
 Twin lilies of a pure-white virgin breast;
 He raised his eyes released from brief despair,
 They rested on a maiden tall and fair,
 Fair as the tropic morn, when morn is new;
 And her sweet glances smote him through and through
 With such keen-thrilling rapture, that he swore
 His willing heart should evermore adore
 Such loveliness, and woo her till he died;—
 "I am thine own," she said, "thine own dear bride,
 If thou wilt take me;" hand in hand they strayed
 Adown the shadows through the woodland glade,
 Whence every evil Influence shrank afraid,
 And 'round them poured the golden Even tide:

Swiftly the news of this most strange event
 Abroad upon the tell-tale wind was sent,
 Rousing the eager world to wonderment:

Now 'mid the various companies that came
 To visit Cos, was that leal knight by Fame

Exalted, for brave deeds, and faith divine,
 Shown in the sacred wars of Palestine,
 Tancred, Salerno's Prince ; he came in state,
 With fourscore gorgeous barges, small and great,
 With pomp and music like an Ocean Fate,
 His blazoned prows along the glimmering sea
 Spread like an Eastern sunrise gloriously.

Him and his followers, did Avolio feast
 Right royally, but when the mirth increased,
 And joyous-winged jests began to pass
 Above the sparkling cups of Hippocras,
 Tancred arose, and in his courtly phrase
 Invoked delight, and length of prosperous days,
 To crown that happy union ; one sole doubt
 The Prince confessed, and this he dared speak out,
 "It could not be that their sweet hostess still
 Worshipped Diana, and her heathen will ?"
 "O! Sir not so!" Avolio flushing cried,
 "But Christ the Lord?"—no single word replied
 The beauteous lady, but with gentle pride,
 And a quick motion to Avolio's side
 She drew more closely by a little space,
 Gazing wit' modest passion in his face,
 As one who longed to whisper tenderly,
 "O! brave kind Heart! I worship only thee!"

BEAUTIFUL EARTH.

Beautiful earth, with the flow'rs
 Adorning thee ever,
 Opening gems with the hours,
 Wearying never
 In loving endeavor ;

Beautiful earth, let me rest
 In tenderest keeping!
 Peacefully lie in thy breast,
 Never more weeping,
 So tranquilly sleeping.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE "SCENES HOLLANDAISES," OF HILDEBRAND.

(NICHOLAS BEETS.)

I.—*How Hot it Was, and how Far to Go!*—It was on a Friday, in a certain Dutch city, on a very warm afternoon—so burning an afternoon, that the sparrows gaped on the house-tops—an expression intended to convey the greatest degree of heat imaginable. A brilliant sun burnt up the streets, and baked the pavements, which were almost reduced to powder. In those streets, which had a Southern exposure, and consequently, at this moment, no shade, the foot passengers were in despair. The itinerant venders of cherries and gooseberries paused incessantly, to wipe their foreheads with their aprons; the watermen—who, during the leisure moments that their nautical occupations afford them, have the habit of leaning over the railings of bridges, till they have thus acquired the pleasing appellation of posts to protect fools—were now stretched on the water-side, with a cup of milk near them, instead of the habitual glass of gin. The bricklayers, seated at the foot of their ladders, leaning on their elbows, blew away at their tea longer than ever. The servant-maids, sent on errands, could scarcely drag along the children, who would accompany them, in the hope of receiving a prune or a fig from the grocer; and they looked with profound pity at the house-maids, who, with flushed faces, and cap-strings untied, were cleaning the street. No one seemed comfortable, except, here and there, an old man, who, with a blue cotton night-cap, and

black cloth slippers, his feet resting upon a bench, smoked his pipe under the shelter of his own porch, with a wall-flower and a balsam for company, rejoicing that *the good old weather had come back.*

When such a temperature as this reigns, we really have less compassion than we should, for stout people. It is true, that often when with calmness and tranquillity, one might be able to accommodate one's self to the heat, these fat mortals come and overwhelm one, puffing and blowing at one's side, and showing an almost irresistible temptation to take off their cravats—but, how they must suffer—these poor creatures! Fat men, and fat women, of this universe, whether you are still able to see your own knees and feet, or whether you have long since renounced the hope of ever again contemplating that portion of yourselves, whatever may be the number of those who sneer at your size—in the breast of Hildebrand beats a heart which compassionates your sufferings!

Among the stoutest individuals of the present day, Mr. Henry John Bruis deserves, if not the very first place, at least, a very high one. It was one of his privileges, never to meet an old acquaintance without being saluted by, "How very fat you have grown!" while any one who had not seen him for a fortnight, was sure to declare, "that he was larger than ever."

He perceived clearly, by a thousand warnings from relations, friends, and physicians, that they all consid-

ered him on the verge of apoplexy; and yet his natural inclination prompted him to do, to eat, and to drink, all those things that were eminently hurtful and calculated to increase his corpulence, and to excite his blood in all possible ways. He belonged, in fact, to that unhappy race, who, in summer, are always hot—thanks to their size; and who, in summer and winter are hot, thanks to their irritability, their quickness of tongue, and their constant agitation of mind.

On this warm afternoon, of which I have tried to give an idea, towards five o'clock, Mr. Henry John Bruis was traveling along one of these streets, which I have described, in this city, which I have not named. He was walking much too fast, considering his size and the weather. In one hand, he held his hat, in the other, a yellow silk pocket handkerchief, and his bamboo cane, with a round ivory head. With this cane, he incessantly hit his forehead, while striving to wipe the moisture from it. Behind him, trotted a little urchin, who carried his overcoat and his valise.

This young loafer, had neither hat nor cap; his blue jacket was ornamented with a black patch on one elbow, and a gray one, on the other; its first button, a black bone one, was fastened into the fourth button-hole—whilst its second, of a dingy brass, was joined to the sixth button-hole. He had the good fortune to wear no stockings, which must have been cool and pleasant on such a day, and the jagged ends of his trousers were tucked into his wooden shoes.

"Well, where is it, boy, where is it?" asked Mr. Henry John Bruis, impatiently.

"That first house, with the steps,"

replied the boy, "the second door from the pork-butcher, next to the house where you see the 'spies.'"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Mr. Bruis.

The pork-butcher's and the "spies," were passed, and the fat man found himself on the threshold of Dr. Deluw, his College chum, and whom he had not seen since his marriage; for Mr. Bruis lived in a little town of the province of Overijssel, where he was Doctor of Laws, without being a lawyer; husband without being a father; a member of the parish board, and a merchant.

He had business just now at Rotterdam, and, in spite of the great heat, had made a diversion from his straight road, to visit his friend, Dr. Deluw, and to make the acquaintance of his friend's wife and children.

He rang the bell hastily, and took his overcoat on his own arm.

"Here, my boy," he said, "I don't want you any more."

The urchin took himself off at great speed, not exactly because it was pleasanter, but because he had received a larger compensation than he had expected, and his father was ignorant of his good luck. In an instant, he had disappeared, and, I make no doubt, was already regaling himself, with a cucumber soaked in vinegar, a measure of fried peas or some other such dainty, highly prized by young gentlemen of this class and for which, we cannot too soon inspire a just horror in the minds and to the palates of well brought up children.

Meanwhile, Dr. Deluw's door did not open, and Mr. Bruis found himself obliged to ring again. The bell sounded vigorously and clearly, proving that it was of eminently good metal; but, Mr. Bruis per-

* Mirrors, very common in Holland and Flanders, which are placed outside the windows and reflect all that passes in the streets.

ceived that no other noise from his friend's house answered his appeal.

He wiped his forehead several times, struck with his cane upon the steps, rang again, and then peeped through two narrow gratings on either side of the door; nothing was to be seen but the pendulum of a large clock, the Dr's slate,* and a blue cotton umbrella. He then tried to look through the lace window curtains of the side rooms,—a difficult task, as the fringes of the over-curtains intercepted his view. However, he saw distinctly in one room an inkstand with two long pens, and in the other, the portrait of a man. But neither the clock, nor the slate, nor the inkstand, nor the portrait, could open the door to Mr. Bruis.

Hotter and hotter grew Mr. Bruis; his overcoat weighed down his arm; he rang for the fourth time, and so violently, that the young lady next door, who had long perceived, by means of her "spy," the perplexity of the fat gentleman, started in her chair, unpinned her work from her knee, opened the blind, and informed Mr. Bruis that no one was at home.

"Not the Doctor?"

"No sir."

"Nor madame?"

"No sir; I tell you they are all gone out."

"And where have they gone?"

"I don't know sir. They are all gone except the servant girl, who is the only one at the house."

"Why don't the servant open the door?"

"Because she isn't there?"

"And yet you say that she is at the house?"

"Yes, but that don't prevent that she isn't *in* the house!" replied the young lady, upon which she pre-

cipitately closed the blind, because her white cat was just preparing to jump out—and she left Mr. Bruis, free to reflect if he chose, upon the difference between the terms, *at* the house and *in* the house. If he had had patience and discrimination enough, he might have understood that to stay *at* the house was a duty imposed upon the maid by the Deluw family, but which, according to her personal interpretation did not include the very secondary obligation of staying *in* the house.

A voice now issued from a cobbler's stall on the other side, and threw a little light upon the difficulty.

"They have gone to the garden and the servant has gone out on an errand. There she is coming back, already."

The word, *already*, might in Mr. Bruis' opinion, have been altogether omitted from this phrase, but, he did now see a prettyish young girl approaching up the street, as fast as she could, without running; she held a huge door-key, rushed past Mr. Bruis, opened the door with amazing celerity, and planted herself on the mat facing the visitor.

"You wished to speak to master?" asked the girl.

"Yes; but it seems he is not at home?"

"No, sir; the Dr., madame, the young lady, the young gentleman, and the children, are in the country, and I am left to keep the house and answer inquiries."

The opportunity was a good one for Mr. Bruis to lecture the servant for a quarter of an hour on the exactness with which she acquitted herself of this duty, by gossiping with a fruiterers' daughter, who went out sewing by the day, and was installed at a neighbouring open window. But he was too much hurried now to make sermons.

*On this slate are inscribed the visits to be made.

"Where is thâ country?" he asked. "Far from here? Where is it?"

"In Joris' avenue," said the servant.

"Moris' avenue!" repeated Mr. Bruis, with extreme disdain. "What do I know about Moris' avenue?"

The prettyish maid was of the opinion that in Mr. Bruis' attitude and tone, there was less consideration than her face merited. She was justly offended.

"If you don't know where it is, I can't help it," she said dryly, and she turned the lock as if anxious to be rid of Mr. Bruis.

He changed his tone.

"Look here, my child, I have come by the stage coach expressly to see the Dr. and his family. If it is not too far, I should like to go and find them in the country. Can't you point out the road to me?" And quite breathless, he looked up and down the street to see if he could not discover another youthful guide, but there was not a creature.

The maid condescended to furnish some instructions, and Mr. Bruis set off.

When he had gone a little way, he suddenly remembered his valise and his overcoat; he returned, and rang again to put them in the care of the servant, but Gretchen had evidently rejoined her friend, so Mr. Bruis found himself obliged to continue his journey, thus laden, but inwardly resolved, that if he ever reached Dr. Deluw, he would lodge a formal complaint against that girl.

Happily for the worthy man, the city which I have not yet named, is by no means large, and he soon reached the gate through which he was to pass, although the ascent and the descent of two wonderfully high bridges completely took away his breath.

The bright idea struck him to deposit his luggage with some clerk

of the customs, and for that purpose he entered the office, devoted to their use, but found no one. There was a person in a grey *pale-tot*, fishing, on the other side of the canal, and who looked like a clerk; Mr. Bruis dropped his valise and overcoat and addressed him. It was a clerk, and Mr. Bruis further desired to be directed to Joris' avenue. Not that I would be so unjust as to accuse our fat friend of forgetting Gretchen's instructions, but his exasperation had not permitted him to listen very attentively.

The clerk told him that he must at a certain distance, cross the canal, then follow a lane, then turn to the right till he reached a white post, then to the left, after that to the right again, when he would find himself in Joris' avenue.

"And Dr. Deluw's house?"

"I never heard of it," said the clerk, "but there are plenty of gardens about there. What is it called?"

"Veldzicht."

"Veldzicht!" repeated the clerk, who wished Mr. Bruis to depart, because he thought he felt a nibble, "no, sir, I never heard of it."

Mr. Bruis resumed his travels.

The canal was a comparative comfort, for it was bordered on each side with large trees; but this happiness was of short duration, because the city in a fit of economy, or in a moment of penury, had cut down the larger portion of these trees, on the occasion of an illumination for the king's birthday, and they were now replaced, (under the name of "a young plantation,") by a row of slender saplings quite dried-up and withered.

Presently, Mr. Bruis again grew uneasy—which way must he go? He perceived between two black palings a narrow lane, which he thought he must follow. This lane was deserted. There was nothing

visible but the palings, above which were the tree tops—nothing but garden gates with numbers and inscriptions. A single sparrow hopped about, wearily. Mr. Bruis walked along as he had done in the streets—his hat in one hand, his stick and handkerchief in the other; only, he carried himself a little obliquely, as if anxious to obey as soon as possible the clerk's directions, to turn to the right.

But the opportunity to do this did not present itself; our traveler was brought to a halt by coming upon a large pool of water, flanked by a dust heap, enamelled with cabbage stalks, salad leaves, broken crockery, and faded bouquets, on which mushrooms had sprung up, and now filled the air with a nauseating smell.

Mr. Bruis decided that he had lost his way, and with a groan retraced his steps, reached the canal again, followed its course, and found a second lane, but this time he thought fit to explore a little before involving himself. The result was satisfactory; he perceived a turning to the right, at no great distance—walked to it—made out the white post—then took to the left and then to the right, and at last judged, by all appearances, that he had finally reached Moris' avenue.

At a garden gate was a small boy dressed in a black petticoat, with a black cap, trimmed with black lace; his face was as black as his costume, and he was amusing himself with an old pumpkin and some potato peelings.

"Is this Moris' avenue, my dear child?" asked Mr. Bruis.

The child nodded.

"And where is Veldzicht?"

The child answered nothing.

Mr. Bruis grew angry, not so much against the child, but against this unfindable and mysterious Veldzicht.

"Don't you know?" he enquired, raising his voice.

The interesting infant let fall his pumpkin and potato skins, and fled howling into the garden. Mr. Bruis fetched a deep sigh. Joris' avenue seemed very long, and the garden gates numerous. He read upon them all sorts of names—pretentious and high-sounding names, such as: Schoonord, Welgelegen, Bloemenhof, Vrengderyk, (*); names indicating repose and contentment, such as: Myngenregen, Weltene-den, Buitenrest, (†); innocent names such as: Nooit Gedecht, Klem maer Rein, Hierna Beter, (‡); and optical names, such as: Vaartzicht, Weizicht, Landzicht, Veezicht, and Veelzicht, (||). This latter closely resembled Veldzicht, (§) but it was not the same.

At last, Mr. Bruis found two gates, on which were only Q. 4, No. 33, and Q. 4, No. 34. One of these *might* be Veldzicht. Exasperated and impatient as he was, Mr. Bruis was, nevertheless, modest. He passed by the first, which was the larger and finer place, and knocked at No. 34.

The door slowly opened, and there stood on the threshold, a long, majestic lady, stiff as a statue, in a black gown, with a white merino cape, her head covered with a bonnet tilted over her nose on account of the sun, green spectacles, a slight moustache, and a book in her hand.

(*) The mania for this sort of name is general in Holland; these literally signify, fine site, well situated, garden of flowers, rich in pleasure.

(†) My pleasure, well-satisfied, rustic repose.

(‡) Never thought of, Little but sweet, It is better here.

(||) View of the canal, View of the meadows, View of the fields, Cattle view, Wide view.

(§) View of the country.

“Is this Veldzicht, madam?” asked stranger, and immediately concluding that he had come to steal, Bruis. “Next door,” and she slammed her Why did not he see that it was not a matron! own portal in his face. “No, sir!” replied the young Mr. Bruis knocked at Q. 4 No. 33. lady, alarmed at the sight of a

(To be Continued.)

LINES.

I hear them say thou art not fair,
Nor wonder; for they do not know
The beauty of thy life. The glow,
That mantles all the blissful air.

Wherein thy thoughts habitual move
And gives thee peace, unchanging, bright,
Is not for them; no sharpened sight
That scans the face alone, may prove.

That delicate grace. Thou wilt not seem
Other to them than gentle maid,
Modest and pure. A spell is laid
Upon thee, and thy innocent dream

Is undisturbed by worldly sound,
Nor passion dark, nor discontent
Nor sumless wisdom all intent
On gain, draws near thee—and around.

Thy life a whitened halo shines
As when the vanished sun hath thrown
His glories from him. But thine own
Mild glory never more declines.

Enough; they may talk as they will
But her eyes are superb!
So calmly they curb
All speech, and so haughtily still
The pulses they thrill.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GOV. RICHARD IRVINE MANNING,

READ BEFORE THE SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND, BY THEIR PERMISSION, INSERTED IN RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.

In the usefulness which distinguished men have exercised on society, it is very questionable whether character, or the more shining quality, which the world calls talent, has the greater influence.

They are, perhaps, more intimately connected than we imagine. They are, certainly, often mistaken for each other; and men have, undoubtedly, sometimes failed of the éclat which the world bestows upon genius, from the fact that their great deeds have been attributed to their great virtues.

To our conception, usefulness and talent are, in a philosophical sense, synonymous; or, rather, they are phenomena of the *same* moral or intellectual organization by which the great, the good, the virtuous, and the valiant, (as well as the gifted and the talented) have, in all time, wielded an influence over the destinies of their fellow-men.

In historical experience, we think, they may generally be found in such harmony of combination, that the greatest public benefactors have, at the same time, been the most endowed, as well as the most useful and benevolent, of their age. Splendid abilities of a certain description are sometimes seen, it is true, in connection with infamous vices, but seldom of a kind, or in harmony with usefulness; and *never* without some corresponding *intellectual*, as well as moral, inequality or defect. On the other hand, it is indispensable to all our conceptions of an elevated character, to presuppose a state of high moral en-

lightenment, such as none but the highest intellectual faculties can attain to. To impress himself on the confidence of men; to be trusted as well as admired; to be able to make just discrimination between right and wrong, error and truth; and to preserve consistency in his pursuit of rectitude and virtue, a man must be aided by a quick perception; he must be directed by a sound judgment; he must be sustained by a strong will; he must reason, reflect, and compare; in short, he must possess and employ every *useful* faculty. Now, the possession of *these* certainly constitutes what is usually regarded as a fine intellect; and is no less essential, as we have shown, to make up what is termed a high character.

In contemplating such men as Washington, Jackson, or the Duke of Wellington, we are apt, it is true, to look exclusively to their virtues or their heroism—to the influence of their characters, rather than that of their minds, for the distinguished part they have performed in the world's drama of events. But, is it to be supposed that the inimitable achievements of either of these greatest of men, were not the results of a forethought, wiser, perhaps, than those of their day and generation, and of which no other living men were probably capable? Must they not have possessed that highest of all intellectual gifts: the power of investigating truth, and arriving at correct conclusions,—in an infinitely higher degree than the Bulwers, or the Byrons, or any

of the ycleped men of genius? Was it more or less than the combination of the wisdom, judgment, and perception, too profound, possibly, even for their contemporaries to comprehend, and which, not understanding, or not being enabled to look into, through the same mental elaboration, they have accordingly defined as mere strength of character, (or it may be misnamed) chance, destiny, or intuition?

Of this noble stamp of men was the late Richard Irvine Manning, elected Governor of South Carolina in 1824; and whose vigorous intellect—strong and luminous as it was—has in some measure, perhaps, been overlooked, in the still more imperishable memory of his personal qualifications. Certainly it is no unenviable lot, to live in the affections, rather than the applause of our friends; to dwell in the hearts, rather than in the minds of our fellow beings; to merit the gratitude, rather than the admiration of our countrymen; and to have even our highest intellectual endowments so incased in virtues as to obscure in some measure that mental effect in the portrait, which less estimable accomplishments would otherwise have left more strikingly developed. In either aspect, however, of his character, Gov. Manning was of those remarkable men, destined to occupy an important place in society, and to impress an influence on the minds of others. Had he possessed fewer virtues than he did, he had nevertheless talent enough, to command the admiration and respect of men. Had his talents been less conspicuous than they were, he had still qualities of the heart which in any sphere or condition of life, would have made him the idol of the popular mind.

Gov. Manning was born in Sumter district, South Carolina, 1st of May, 1789. He was the second son

of Gen. Lawrence Manning, first Adjutant-General of the State of South Carolina, and officer during the revolutionary war in Lee's legion; and the hero of some of the most extraordinary acts of personal daring and prowess, that have been recorded of an age abounding in incidents of that character. His exploits, perhaps, more than any other of that time, have become the subjects of familiar and innumerable traditions, and would seem indeed to verify the adage, "that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." At the battle of Eutaw, he was ordered by Gen. Green to burn a house then occupied by the British troops; and from which the American army were receiving a galling and incessant fire. While in the act of doing so, Col. Manning found himself at once discovered by the enemy, and at the same time deserted by his command. With instant presence of mind, he rushed through the smoke of the enemy's guns—grappled a British Major of some renown, at the head of his troops—and as the only means of safety, interposed him as he retreated between himself and the fire of the foe, until in the face of both armies he paroled him a prisoner of war. This remarkable incident of the battle has been commemorated by one of the most eminent artists of South Carolina, in a work which still adorns the Senate chamber of this State.

Soon after the war, he married the daughter of General Richard Richardson; his sword being his only patrimony; his valor, his youth, and his health, his sole fortune.

On the first organization of the militia of South Carolina, he received the appointment of Adjutant General, in which capacity he continued to serve with singular ability and success, until his death in the

vigour of life in 1804. He left two sons; the eldest of whom (Colonel Lawrence Manning,) accepted a Major's commission in the army of the United States, during our late war with Great Britain; from which position he soon rose to the command of a regiment. At the declaration of peace, he retired to private and domestic life, with the reputation and popularity of a brave and accomplished officer. The younger son, the subject of our memoir, was then in his early youth, with scarcely any other inheritance than his father's renown; who, never rich, and always generous, had acquired but little of worldly thrift or careful economy from the experience of the camp.

Under difficulties of this kind, and with much greater impediments to education than happily now exist, Gov. Manning was deprived of the advantages of early culture, and may be said to have loitered away his youth in a sort of arcadian indolence. But a mother's piety did not permit this portion of his life to pass without imparting those moral impressions, which made him throughout life a devout and ardent christian. With him religion was a passion and feeling, as well as a conviction; an affair of the heart, as well as of the head; and the energies of his strong mind were never so thoroughly kindled into enthusiasm, as when employed in the adoration of his Maker. As he approached the verge of manhood, he became suddenly conscious of his intellectual deficiencies; and with that decision of character that always distinguished him, determined as instantly to supply them. He had heard of a Seminary of some repute at Mount Bethel in Newberry district, under the care of Dr. Smith. Against the remonstrances of friends and connections, he resolved to avail himself of its

advantages. A young man unknown and unknowing, with nothing but a strong will to sustain him—he left home and family, in what appeared to all but himself, the hopeless pursuit of knowledge, in a distant part of the State, that then seemed to the untravelled experience of the age, as difficult of access, as the shores of the Pacific would now be regarded by the mercenary adventurer.

It was, perhaps, the most important epoch of his life; the hinge upon which all its after events were destined to turn. From that period he became an ardent and enthusiastic student; thirsting for knowledge, and devoting all the time that he could spare from the avocations of an active life, to its attainment. His assiduity soon obtained for him the highest academic distinctions, and his character laid the foundation of those valuable friendships, which attended him through all the events of his after life; and which in ardor, attachment and fidelity, could only be exceeded by woman's love.

Leaving the institution with those of his friends, who were better prepared to enter College than himself, he was persuaded to apply with them for admission into the junior class, on the condition of completing the studies of the Sophomore year, in the summer vacation; beyond which state of preparation his short time of academic instruction had not allowed him to advance. This deficiency he not only amply supplied, but in the distribution of the appointments (and contrary to usage in this respect in the College) he was allotted a distinguished position in a class of great brilliancy and talent. Nor was he less honored by his fellow students, in being chosen as the valedictory orator of that year.

In his collegiate, as well as in his academic career, he preserved

the same strong and peculiar characteristic of attracting the confidence and affection of his associates. If a remonstrance was to be made—a compliment to be conferred—a favour asked—a controversy to be settled—an arbiter appealed to—it was Manning; the honest, the brave, the upright, the just, the virtuous, and the clear-headed Manning, on whom the service was to be devolved.

On entering life, he was diverted from his early intention of pursuing a professional course of studies, by the declaration of war, then recently made with Great Britain. He was prompt to obey the call to arms, it was his element; and perhaps the vocation of all others, in which the strength of his character and the ardor of his mind, were best calculated to display themselves. In the absence of other appointments of service, he allowed himself to be placed at the head of a volunteer company, then under marching orders for the defence of Charleston. Although at that time in feeble health, yet his zeal, his energy, and his military accomplishments, attracted the attention of the whole army. All felt his fitness for, and prophesied his attainment of, a still higher sphere of usefulness.

On the disbanding of the troops at the termination of the war, his habits of discipline, (impatient as the militia always are of its enforcement,) for some time impeded his progress to popular favour.

At length, in 1822, he was elected a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and such was the manner in which he at once impressed himself on its confidence, that in the short term of two years, (and although still comparatively a young man,) he was chosen to occupy the Executive Department. His election was accompanied by the flattering distinction, of a large major-

ity, obtained over one of the ablest and most popular men of the State.

Amongst the events of his administration was the reception of Gen. LaFayette, then on his visit to this country; and whom he was instructed by the Legislature to entertain as the guest of the State. Few can forget that gala-day in South Carolina, when the old and the young—the veteran and the boy—beauty, wealth and fashion, thronged the highways, and rushed to the cities, to grasp the hand of the Revolutionary Patriarch of two Hemispheres. Between Governor Manning and himself it was the commencement of a friendship, which time and after events strengthened in the hearts of both.

The administration of Governor Manning was, perhaps, one of the most popular in the annals of the State. His messages were bold, striking, and admired. His most sanguine friends dared not anticipate their merits, either of style or matter. They were quoted and praised, both at home and abroad; they even attracted the commendation of Mr. Legare; and, perhaps, with some exaggeration, were compared to the best productions of the very ablest men of the Union.

Shortly after the expiration of Gov. Manning's term of office, he was induced to become a candidate for Congress. But the germ of that party spirit, which afterwards embittered with such intense animosity the politics of this State—even then began to manifest its effects; and by various combinations defeated his election.

He subsequently occupied a seat in the Senate of the State, where he combatted with his usual boldness, power and energy, the doctrine of nullification, then progressing to its ascendancy in South Carolina. He was confessedly the great champion of the opposition;

and it is not too much to say of his influence, that it was supposed (and truly) to suspend the triumph of his opponents, and to hold for a long time the power of their party in check and abeyance. Like Col. Drayton, he maintained, that a State could not at the same time be both in and out of the Union; and that to this solecism in terms the theory of his opponents inevitably tended. That secession was the true and only remedy for Federal evils—but one not rashly to be applied, or that few causes would justify a State in resorting to. That whether the measures of Government then complained of, were of oppressive character or not; or when or how South Carolina should exercise her undoubted right to secede from the Union, were questions which he was willing to leave without controversy or discussion to the calm and dispassionate judgment of the people. That if his opponents would thus make secession, instead of nullification, the issue to be submitted to the popular will, that he would at once acquiesce in a decision, which every State must of necessity have reserved the right of making for herself and her citizens. And that, regardless of all considerations of expediency, as to whether the causes were of a character sufficient or not, to justify a separation, he would yield a ready and cheerful obedience to the behest of South Carolina, then truly entitled to (because having reclaimed as she rightfully can do) his exclusive allegiance to her sovereignty.

The separation from his friends on this occasion was perhaps the most painful event of his life, and the most trying to his virtue. Few men of his temperment, of his aspirations, and of his inducements, would (or could) have sacrificed so much to principle. He renounced

a popularity, such as no man in the State possessed; he submitted to be abandoned by friends, such as no one ever had; he relinquished fame, reputation, and power, to share the ineligibility of a dispirited minority; and with no possible anticipation, that either time or circumstances could, in the few years that have transpired, have wrought that change which subsequently occurred in his own, and the political fortunes of his party.

On the death of Gen. Blair, he was elected by an overwhelming majority to succeed him. He had scarcely taken his seat in Congress, before his influence began to be sensibly felt in its deliberations. While regarded by all as one of the most considered and considerable members of the South, he nevertheless shared in a higher degree, perhaps, than any other Southern man, the confidence and respect of other portions of the Union.

Always a Democrat in principle, and a State Rights politician of the Jefferson school, he was as vigorous and as decided an opponent of Federal usurpations, as he had been of the measures which South Carolina had adopted to resist them. With Gen. Jackson, then President of the United States, his political intercourse grew into personal intimacy and friendship. He spoke seldom in Congress, and with a brevity unusual for that arena, but there was no man in that body whose speeches were more popular, or more eagerly sought for distribution. On the last occasion of the kind, and but a very few days preceding his sudden and unexpected death, some unpremeditated remarks which he made on the pending question of debate, produced a sensation that can scarcely be imagined from the now tumultuary character of Congress. Their

publication was anticipated by demands, which the press found it difficult immediately to supply; and never before perhaps (or since) has a speech in Congress been more widely read throughout the Union. His reputation was in fact becoming national.

He had already begun to occupy much of the public mind, and to ascend those steepes of political fame and power, the summit of which (whether otherwise destined to reach or not,) death suddenly arrested his progress in attaining.

His health having become enfeebled by the sedentary habits of a long Congressional session, he repaired to Philadelphia on a visit of a few days, both for recreation and medical advice. On the day after his arrival, he was seized with a sudden indisposition—not alarming at the time to himself or his friends—but which in a few hours terminated his valuable life. He expired in the evening of the 1st of May, 1836, in the 47th year of his age, of an affection of the heart.

It was, perhaps, the most fitting and probable malady, of which such a man could die. His heart had been the moving principle, the chief element, the active member, the controlling agent, of all the events of his life. It had so often throbbed to other's woes; it had so constantly overflowed with sympathy and benevolence; it had so long and so ardently responded to the demands of patriotism, friendship and humanity; it had done so much for thought and action, that it could not be otherwise than the first portion of the human mechanism to waste and wear away—a

victim to its own agitating emotions—the crushed shell of intense, absorbing and overwrought susceptibilities. Yes, we repeat it, there is a poetic harmony between the life and death of such a man. It was the *heart* that presided over the events and issues of both.

Gov. Manning left three sons; the eldest already distinguished in the counsels of the State; and all occupying useful and important positions in society.

Both as a speaker and a writer, Gov. Manning's style was strong, clear, forcible and impassioned; his manner winning, his address peculiarly agreeable.

His virtues abounded, his estimable qualities were innumerable, his faults those only of a noble, sensitive, and impassioned nature.

His countenance in repose was bland, but indicative of firmness, and wore the very aspect to invite confidence. When animated in debate or conversation, it reflected like a mirror all the emotions of his mind. There was no man who could express in his looks more scorn or indignation, higher resolves, or softer affection. His air was noble, his stature tall and well proportioned, his complexion clear and florid; his features regular, and in perfect harmony to produce that manly beauty, of which he was so eminently possessed. His person was faultless; and his manner and appearance of that commanding character, to make him the "observed of all observers"—in short,

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

THE PRINCESS ILSE.

The Brocken's devil was, as may easily be imagined, deeply enraged at the flight of the charming princess. He knew right well that such pure springlets were no prey for him; and that the demon, Pride, his surest means of catching young souls, had been cast out of her. What should he do to recapture the wayward child? The Storm-wind and the princess' fear of him, occurring to him; he immediately summoned the North-wind, and bade him roar through the valley, directly in the face of bright little Ilse. This, he thought, will make her turn and rush back to the Brocken.

The North-wind strove his utmost to accomplish the devil's behests. Whizzing, creaking, howling, roaring, he put forth all his strength, shook the trees till they trembled to their roots, and dashed their shattered branches angrily to the earth, directly before little Ilse's feet. A young pine especially, which had not yet attained a firm foot-hold on the steep mountain side, he hurled directly across her path; and then, seizing her loosened veil, endeavoured to drag her along with him. The little princess, however, bravely tore herself from him, caring little how much of her veil was left in the North-wind's hands. In fact, she thought but little of herself, and feared nothing on her own account; her heart was so full of misery for her much loved trees; and had she been able, she would willingly have aided them in their combat with the storm. Sorrowfully she approached the fallen pine—threw herself upon him, bathed him with her tears, and tenderly washed his wounds. The green and tender beech saplings, and

the oak branches, which the North-wind threw upon her bosom, she would cradle gently in her soft arms, would kiss their withered leaves, and would carry them on, till finding a spot on her banks, cushioned with growing moss, she would lay them gently down.

But the devil, standing all the while on the Brocken's pinnacle, gnashed his teeth furiously, when he saw how vain were the North-wind's efforts against little Ilse. "I will send Winter now," he muttered, "and he shall gag and load her with fetters. Desolate and hoary Winter, with his hunger and cold; with his long, dark nights, wherein temptation is rife, and sin glides along his secret course; has captured many an unlucky soul for me, and will easily overcome this lank water princess. Thou North-wind, bestir thyself; shake the leaves from the trees, and prepare the way for Winter. Thou knowest he never comes, till his heavy steps can rustle through the dead and dry foliage."

And the North-wind, like an obedient vassal, blew with redoubled violence and with icy coldness through the valley. The beech trees, trembling and almost frozen, made no resistance, but frightened, let their leaves fall to the ground. The oaks, at first resisted, but soon had their leaves tinged blood-red by the cold, and were, at last, completely stripped, and, with naked boughs, awaited with dread, the coming Winter. The pine tree only remained unmoved, and wore unchanged his royal oak-green mantle. Little Ilse, at his feet, could not understand the meaning of all this, and quite annoyed, called out to the trees: "Ye mad trees! what

ails you? Why do ye throw your dry leaves into my face? Do ye no longer care for little Ilse? Do ye wish to scratch her eyes out, with your brown acorns and hard beech-nuts?" Quite angry, the little one sprang forward, shaking the dry leaves from her sunny ringlets, and out of the glittering folds of her dress.

Winter had in the meantime, arrived on the Brocken, having received from the hands of his hellish majesty himself, the thickest and densest mist-mantle which could be obtained. He began to move slowly over the heights, rolling his ponderous weight towards the valley. At first, he was not very fierce, but touching everything only with hands of velvet softness, tried to ingratiate himself with all, and covered the nakedness of tree and bush with coats, glistening with the hoar-frost, till, little Ilse, blinded by the dazzling splendour, knew not where to turn her eyes. Soon, however, the snow-flakes came whirling down in dizzy circles, and the little princess thought, at first, that the clouds themselves had descended to the vale, to renew the acquaintance made on the Alpine peak. But when Winter had spread his mantle, thicker and heavier, upon the whole ravine, burying stones and tree-roots, moss and weeds, and even the pale, trembling grass; little Ilse's heart was troubled, lest her turn should come also. The fate of her green, which she loved so well, and which she saw no more, made her very sad; and as she industriously laboured to wash the snow from the stones she could reach, and to free the soft moss, she felt sharp icy spikes piercing her tender limbs, and saw that Winter had welded hard, bright chain-rings around the stones, and roots that she passed by, and that he extended more and more his chains

and spikes, till he had completely covered their tender limbs with his fetters. Rough Winter now seized with his sharp icy talons, the delicate breast of the troubled child. A cold tremor ran through the little Ilse, and clinging tremblingly to the pine's gnarled roots, she turned her eyes, full of prayer, to the lofty forest king.

She saw that he, too, was wrapt in Winter's white garb, but that from under the cold snow a deep, eternal green beamed upon her from his boughs; and this mild spring-like appearance comforted her, warmed her heart, and gave her new strength and life. "Ah, tell me, Pine!" she cried, "how is it, that in the very arms of winter, you remain green and full of life? Can I not learn to be the same?" "Because my foundation is on a rock," replied the pine, "and my head ever heavenward; therefore, God gives me the strength to preserve an eternal green. And thou too, little Ilse, thou also art a child of the rock, and in thy limpid stream, reflectest the light of Heaven as pure and undimmed as it streamed upon thee. If thou hast the true life, the inner striving after the good, which the Lord gives; thou wilt not want the strength to overcome the Winter. Trust in God, little Ilse. Do thy utmost, and be not weary." "Thanks, dear Pine," replied Ilse, "I will try to be strong and good, as you are. Winter shall not have me as his willing slave." And with a powerful exertion, she tore herself from his icy arms, which he had wound around her, struck away his rough hands which were holding her dress between the rocks, and darted with swift course into the valley below, snapping and sundering all the chains and spikes with which she had been bound. With such a young romp, old Winter could not keep pace; and

admitting his impotence, and the impossibility of capturing the sparkling Ilse, he sat growling in his snow.

The following day, as little Ilse was bounding gaily forward in the pride of victory, driving furiously onwards the icicles, she had broken from the stones; the mosses on her banks, called out to her: "Ilse, dearest Ilse, help us. The snow presses so heavily on our soft little heads, we cannot stand erect upon our tender stalks. Help us, dear Ilse, do! Winter is so severe upon us." And the princess stooped compassionately to them, and lifting carefully a corner of the heavy snow coverlet, put her sweet little face under and whispered to them the lesson taught her by the pine. "Fear not, ye little mosses; as your foundation is on the Rock—as God gives you strength to remain green despite of the cold snow, so ye must not forget that ye have a God-given life within you, and ye must struggle to remain firm, to be always upright and to grow in strength and stature, even under your coverlet of snow; and God will be with you, if ye only ask Him." And the mosses immediately began to exert themselves, and soon thawed and warmed by their work, called joyfully to the little princess—"Ilse, Ilse, thou wert right; we are already more erect, and begin to grow. The soft snow yields readily to our green little hands."

Thus, little Ilse, taught her playmates—the mosses and the grasses—by the use and exercise of their strength, to withstand Winter. She bedewed the little grasses with her fresh running waters, inspiring them to grow and to stretch themselves so as to be the first to greet Spring, when he, at last returned to the valley, rolled back from the earth, the heavy mantle, and forced Win-

ter to retreat to the Brocken heights, soon to be driven even thence by the warm sun. The pine threw off his white robe, and in celebration of Spring's return, stuck bright green lights on the ends of all of his dark green boughs; the oaks and beeches soon donned again their green garb; and thus little Ilse lived joyous, happy days in the still and lovely vale, hundreds upon hundreds of years. The winter, it is true, returned each year, inflicting the same cruel fate upon trees and shrubs, and laying his glittering snares for the little Ilse. But the active, sinewy little child never suffered herself to be caught. Lithe and smooth and as a lizard, she slipped always through his rough, icy hands. The trees too renewed their verdure each year, and were never more beautiful, or more fresh than in Spring, as if the struggle with Winter had strengthened and purified them. Little Ilse, too, was never more lustrous and sparkling, than when, the snow having thawed on the mountain-tops, she rushed in her full vigor through the forest. Snow is, in fact, for little streams, the milk of life, of which the oftener they drink, the more lusty do they become.

The greenwood was very proud of its adopted child, little Ilse; and as she never thought now of herself, but only of her beloved trees and plants and how she could serve them, entirely forgetting that she was a Princess; they never forgot that she was one, and trees and flowers, the stones, the graceful grass and the mosses prized her the more highly, and after their manner did her silent reverence.

As the Princess coursed along through the valley, the weeds and flowers would crowd around her, kissing the hem of her garment and her flowing veil; and the tall graceful grasses, standing along her path, waved to her their feathered hats.

The thoughtful blue-bells, the forest's loveliest flower child, who loved Ilse above all and always strove to be near her, would press close to her, bend over her and gaze upon her pensively with their calm deep eyes. Aye, they would even climb upon the wet, slippery stones, around which the Princess had thrown her arms, and there she would kiss them affectionately and spread a soft moss-carpet under them, so that their feet of fibre might find a foot-hold on the slippery surface. Thus the blue-bells would pass whole summers on the damp stones, encircled by little Ilse's arms; living in the quiet and peaceful society of grasses and weeds, as it were, a fairy-life on an enchanted isle. The ferns too, climbing into every vacant spot on the moist stones, would fan little Ilse with their bright green leaves and, jealous of the sun's rays, would not let them kiss her. These loved her too, and as often as the grey clouds which hung around the mountain top allowed them, they would leap down to her and gambol with her under the trees.

The grey clouds have been for ages the wardens of the sun-rays; and, being themselves so heavy and helpless that they would hardly ever move from their original posts, did not the storm-wind occasionally dash his besom among them and put them to flight; they can not well endure the merry sport and the winsome jests which their bright light-footed wards enjoy with the little Ilse on the green sward beneath; and so they sit oftentimes on the mountain, impassable as a stone wall, and not suffering the smallest sun-ray to escape. And, at times, too, the hard rain pours down into the vale, rejoiced to see little Ilse rolling along alone and sad. Such conduct naturally renders the sun-rays im-

patient of their grey duennas. Behind the old ladies' back they carry on a wild revel, and jest and taunt them, till finding the place too hot, the heavy clouds roll slowly away and disappear altogether. The way being thus cleared, the sun-rays spring again into the thicket, swing themselves in the rain-drops, still hanging from the trees, and romp whole days in the grass with little Ilse.

It was on such an occasion that a white strawberry blossom, whose numerous family was scattered through the valley of the Harz-mountains, was quietly, and, as she thought, unnoticed, admiring herself mirrored in Ilse's bright robe. But Ilse saw her, and shaking her finger called to her. "Ah, ah, strawberry blossom, thou art too vain of the golden yellow knob thou wearest in thy hair." The astonished little flower dropped her white petals and shrank quickly beneath her green leaves. The sunbeams, however, bounded laughing after her, and caught her behind the broad leaves, blushing deeply at having been detected. As often as she caught the eye of one of them her cheeks would mantle with a deeper crimson, till finally, perfectly purple, she kept behind her green leaf-screen, and hung her little head on the ground. The jolly, good-hearted full moon too, Ilse's old friend, made her many a visit. Crossing the mountains, he would stand directly over the Ilsenstein, the most beautiful cliff of the lofty ridge which the residents of the valley have named after the little Princess, and then gaze with friendly eyes upon his favorite, as she meandered along under the mountain's shadow, playing with the silver stars he threw her.

Men, too, have long since been co-dwellers with the little Ilse, in this greenwood; but our Princess was at

first very coy of them, and the Pine had quite a task to induce the child not to look upon them as foes, but to be sociable with them. The first men who came were a couple of charcoal burners. They built their hut, felled trees, made their charcoal-kiln and burnt their coal. Little Ilse shed many tears, when she saw her much-loved trees felled by the sharp axe and stretched dying on the ground; and grasses and flowers complained so bitterly of man who crushed them as he walked through the forest, that little Ilse's heart was sorely wounded. The flames, too, that flared up from the kiln, and the smoke which rose from it, re-called to her that fearful night on the Brocken, and filled her with repugnance to man. The Pine, however, told her that he, fashioned after God's image, was creation's lord, and that all beings were made to serve him; that every tree, having lived the time assigned it by its Creator, would be struck to the ground, either by the hand of man or by the lightning from heaven, or by fire, or by its own decay. Of Fire, she should not be afraid. It is a holy power, effecting much good on earth, when used with wisdom; that she herself, little Princess, would soon learn this and would one day join hand in hand with Fire in common labour.

Princess Ilse, however, did not anticipate with much pleasure, the time when she should unite with Fire in his work; but, having great respect for the Pine's foresight, believed his words fully.

A long time after these events, a second company—a large number, this time—came into the valley, equipped with axes and spades, and driving a herd of oxen and goats, which they tethered in the green pastures among the mountains. A short distance from Ilse's stone, where the valley began to

expand, they made an open attack upon Ilse; felled many trees that stood near her, sawed them into boards and rafters, and at the very side of the Princess, dug for her a spacious chamber in the earth, with walls of stone and turf, and with a broad opening upon the valley, barricaded strongly with boards. With the other boards and rafters, they built houses for themselves, their wives and their children. When all was finished, they invited the little Princess to take possession of her new apartment, and to make herself comfortable. Little Ilse thanking them, wished to pass on, not knowing whether it were safe or not to accept this invitation. But the men blocked up her path with stones and earth, and tore away a large rock which guarded her in her course. As she was running swiftly, she could not stop herself, but rushed with her whole force through the gap into her new chamber, which the men called a pond. Spreading herself over its whole breadth, she dashed angrily with her foaming waves against its walls. It took her some time to become calm and quiet in her strange prison house. After a little while, she bore her trouble more patiently, and collecting her waters and thoughts, looked up enquiringly to the Pine, who, unscathed, stood near the gable end of her new house.

The Pine replied to her look with a mournful smile. Agriculture has invaded us, little Ilse, and will leave but little, either of freedom or of peace, in our beautiful greenwood." "Agriculture!" sighed Ilse. "Ah God pity us! It is surely from the Devil? Whoever strikes so many of God's trees to the earth, then flays them and cuts them up, can not be good." "Poor child," answered the Pine, smiling, "What wilt thou say, when thou learnest to know Agriculture's

grand daughter, Industry. She is a gold-digger, ploughing up the whole earth in her search after the precious metal, and never sparing even the last tree, when it stands in her ruthless course. Whole forests fall before her, their place to be filled by beet-farms, and great stone buildings with their wearisome chimneys stretching up into heaven. When she enters, Poesy flies." Little Ilse, clasping her hands, seemed in such deep despair that the Pine added: "Don't let that pain thee, child. It will be a long time before Industry will trouble us. At best, she has an aversion from mountains, and builds her abode in the plains. And besides, we will pray to God to preserve our loved and peaceful valley from her hands. But Agriculture is a true servant of the Lord, and heralds blessings and prosperity and God's own word. Hearest thou not the sweet soothing peal of the morning and evening bells, rise from the valley. The Emperor has given that castle yonder to a good Bishop; and he has established a cloister for pious monks. It is their people who have settled here among us."

After this explanation, little Ilse lost her fear of man, and, pressing against the door of her new mansion, crept drop by drop through the crevices to see what was around her. Not far below, she saw a powerful, newly constructed mill-wheel, and the miller's curly headed son standing upon the platform. "Yes, peep out, Princess Ilse," he cried laughingly. "We'll open the door directly, and then when the dance begins, how you shall be whirled round by the wheel!" "Am I to be broken on the wheel?" she cried and glanced with beating heart upon what seemed to her a gigantic instrument of torture. The latter began to creak and groan in every spoke, and whispered to her:

"Dost thou not know us, dearest Ilse? We are the wood of thy cherished trees. Fear not, *we'll* do thee no harm." Just then, the miller stepped out and began to raise the gate. "Come here little Ilse," he cried encouragingly. "Thou hast remained long enough in thy pond. Come, stir thyself, and help us work." Nor did the little Princess hesitate, but gathering her robes together she ran quickly to the wheel, trembling at first a little, and stepping carefully from one spoke to another; but rushing boldly forward when she felt the wheel move beneath her light footstep, she let her veil stream in the breeze, pulled on her tiny foam-cap and finally shot, shouting and roaring along the mill stream; whilst the wheel swung round its mighty arms, the mill kept time to it, and silver bright pearls, shaken from Ilse's moist ringlet, streamed from every spoke.

Little Ilse was now a worker in man's service—the water of life and prosperity to the valley and its inhabitants. With men she laboured in the mills, and in the iron works, where she made the dreaded acquaintance of Fire and learnt that the aversion was mutual, he standing as much in awe of her as she of him. Hence they never met, except when it was necessary to the work, and then parted as soon as possible. In bright buckets the Princess entered her co-workmen's houses, giving valuable aid to their wives and daughters in their domestic duties, in the kitchen, in washing and in scouring. She washed and bathed the children, watered the flowers in the garden, and the vegetable beds—in a word, blushed at no work, however humble. Nor needed she to blush, for she lost nothing of her princely rank by her lowly labours of love among the sons of men.

Many centuries had elapsed since Princess Ilse had first set her foot on the mill-wheel. The monks had deserted the ancient abbey; Luther's teaching had overspread the valley, and a noble race of Earls had taken possession of it, and had for a long, long time flourished and ruled there. Little Ilse served them and their subjects as she had before served the monks and their tributaries. When the castle began to fall into ruins and the Counts Stolberg sought another and stronger fortress for their residence, care was taken that Princess Ilse and her beloved vale should not suffer by the change. Industrious, hard-working men came every day in greater numbers into the Princess' domain, and worked in common with her to extract the mountain's noble sap—the mighty iron—to reduce it to steel and to give it the form suited to the purposes of human wants.

Early and late, might little Ilse be seen industriously at work; nor did she ever tire or complain of the labour, toilsome though it was. If you met her in the valley, just when emerging from the forest, radiant in her crystal purity, you could not but recognize at a glance, the Princess of the purest water—the daughter of light. Still Ilse had by no means become a saint, and when the Lord God, from time to time, suffered a thunder storm to break upon her, stirring up her waters from their lowest depths and bringing to light all her secret sins and frailties, from which after all, not even the best of us is free, little Ilse would sorrow deeply. The storms, however, generally had the effect upon her which those of life should have upon men, viz: to increase her self-knowledge and to purify her, for when the impure in her had been washed away, and she had been cleansed from all spot and

stain, then it was that she coursed most lustrous and vigorous, and reflected heaven's light with renewed power and clearness.

But another deep wound had little Ilse's heart to sustain. As the cultivation of later times, ever grasping at more, increased; a broad path was cut through the valley for the car wheel, the ground was upturned by spades and pick-axes, and a number of lofty trees were again levelled to the ground, and the *chaussée*, which had been wrung from nature only by force, had to be maintained by force. "I won't stand it! I never shall become reconciled to it!" cried Ilse, that this wearisome creature with the French name, shall, year after year, creep along my borders with its snail pace, playing *gouvernante* to me, and putting me under all kinds of restraint. Who gave it the right to bid me: 'Slowly Ilse, don't come too near the flowers, nor leap and foam so. Be stately and dignified as I am. Behave like that honest fellow there, that forest-bridge, who from his shady nook under yon rock, is, beckoning to you to be quiet.'

Wild with rage, little Ilse foamed against the rocks which supported the bridge, endeavouring to tear them from their position, so that the bridge might fall with the hated French creature. "Ilse! Ilse!" cried the Pine with a warning voice, "what mad childish freaks art thou after? Hast thou not yet learnt that we must all bear that which tends to man's advantage. If we trees can endure the *chaussée*, surely thou canst. It is with no joy I assure thee that we see the dust coloured trains sweep through the forest. Shame, Ilse! shame! Just see how the witches are laughing at you."

The devils' revels on the Brocken, you must know, had long been abolished.

Ever since Christianity had taken its abode there, had the dislodged hags and devils wandered through the country in various disguises, assuming at times the loveliest and most enticing forms, in order to deceive and lure unwary souls into their dark domain. A set of these young imps, who had not yet forgiven little Ilse for throwing them into the shade by the splendour and the charms she had displayed on the Brocken, came every summer as spies upon her, seeking to frighten her friends, even if they could do no other harm. Assuming the bright, red garb of the Foxglove, these witches stood in coquettish groups upon an open plain of the mountain, basking in the clear sunshine. Then winking to the ferns, they would call out to the modest little Blue Bells, that they—Blue Bells and Foxgloves—were closely related. In this way they hoped to excite a quarrel. Luckily, the blue bells, spied the poisonous drops which lurked in the calix of the brilliant Foxglove, and in reply gently shook their heads and slipped away to the side of Ilse and begged the ferns to stand before them and save them from again looking upon this tricky race. Ilse looked up shyly at what was passing, and as she flowed along, offered a silent prayer. She stroked both Blue Bells and Fern, whose friendship had been tried, and if on any occasion she thought that the pebbles in her bed were looking up with too eager faces at the Fox-gloves, she would cast over them a silvery veil and blind the treacherous Foxgloves by the glittering rays which she shot up in their faces.

When Ilse found that she could not keep the chaussée out of her valley, she wished to have as little to do with it as possible. She would try to escape from the sight

of it by winding snakelike through the depths of the forest; but as in her mad career she rushed over some precipice and thought that she had forever escaped from her dusty companion, suddenly the chaussée would run athwart her, and throw a bridge across her path; and she, a princess, must bend beneath the yoke, smother her resentment and glide on in the hope of soon reaching some spot where she might be freer.

But little Ilse's anger never lasted long and she was soon again coursing quietly through the valley, side by side with the chaussée, kissing modestly the feet of the Ilsenstein, which bears upon its summit the Holy Cross. Princess Ilse is still alive and daily in the mills and iron works of the valley, pursues her humble occupation. And when, on the Sabbath, the mills are hushed and the industrious inhabitants of the valley, in their holiday garb, ascend the mountain upon whose summit stands the castle, to offer up their prayers and hear in its ancient chapel the word of God, pure and unpolluted, preached with force and heartfelt fervor; the silvery voice of little Ilse may be heard rippling in unison with the sound of bell and organ as they peal from the walls of the old fortress, far over the valley beneath.

In the many centuries that she has been flowing through the valley, scattering blessings on every side, little Ilse has lost nothing of her original freshness and loveliness. She has drunk, in fact, of the never failing waters of the fountain of eternal youth; which, clear and limpid, casting off its own impurities by its ceaseless activity, is ever gushing from the firmly set rock, where God has placed it, within the reach of every thirsty soul who rightly seeks it. Princess Ilse has shown the world what even a spoil and

silly child can become, when she has once expelled the demon, pride, from her heart; and in those who, weary of the barren and desert and inhospitable and glaring mountain sides of every day life, retire to her valley, longing for returning spring, her spirit awakens childhood's fondest memories. They are again children—every care and anxiety being forgotten—so long as they linger beneath the fragrant shadow of her forest, where the verdure is more brilliant and the air fresher and more joy-inspiring than in any other valley of the world.

Nor does Ilse fear any more the devil and the witches, when gliding under the shadow of the Ilsenstein. Indeed so bold has she become, that often when summer visitors wish to boil their coffee on her mossy bank, beneath the Ilsenstein, she leaps into their kettle, and allows the hostess of the party to take the entire credit of the coffee, asking for herself neither praise nor other reward than that those who have had the great good luck to drink coffee made with the water of the Ilse, should pay a small fee of cake to her little rock-mice. These rock-mice live in the stony crevices of her mossy bank, and are lineally descended from the rock-mouse who cut the little path down the sides of the Brocken, through which Ilse in the gray dawn of time first found her way

into the valley below. It is not to be sure every party of visitors that has the honour of seeing the sharp little heads and the piercing eyes of these pretty creatures, pop up from beneath their bed of moss, for the rock mouse is very retiring and very particular about the company it keeps. Whoever should see one is bound "by the wrath of Ilse" to feed it with cake, or with whatever else men like to munch with their coffee or mice to nibble in their rocky nests.

A treaty to this effect was concluded on a beautiful day in August, in the year of our Lord 1851, committed to writing, sealed, deposited safely under the Ilsenstein, and treasured in the memories of the coffee-drinkers, who then fed the little rock-mice.

And here ends this tale. Having nestled itself deep in the green mountain valley, it has no desire to accompany little Ilse in her descent to the lowlands, where, meeting the Acker and the Ocker, and later the Aller, she is carried to the old Weser—to the old Weser, who, having them—Ocker, Acker, Aller, Ilse and their dependant streamlets—once in her grasp, hurries them all far away into the limitless deep.

Yet there is one thing which this tale would gladly know! What are the sensations of little Ilse when she finds herself so far at sea?

FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

Let the boy have his will ! I tell thee, brother,
We treat these little ones too much like flowers,
Training them in blind selfishness to deck
Sticks of our own poor setting, when they might,
If left to clamber where themselves incline,
Find nobler props to cling to, fitter place,
And sweeter air to bloom in. It is wrong.
Thou'd'st strive to imbue with feelings all thine own
With thoughts, and hopes, anxieties, and aims,
Which Nature gave thee, (as she gave thine eye
Its blue and glorious beauty like the day,
And to thy child's its melancholy night,)
A heart as different and distinct from thine,
As love of goodness is from love of glory,
Or noble Poësy from noble Prose.
I could forgive thee, if thou wast of them
Who do their fated parts in this world's business,
Scarce knowing how or why, for common minds
See not the difference 'twixt themselves and others :
But thou, true with the visions which thy youth did cherish,
Substantialized upon thy regal brow,
Should'st boast a deeper insight. We are born,
It is my faith, in miniature completeness,
And like each other only in our weakness.
Even with our mother's milk upon our lips,
Our smiles have different meanings, and our hands
Press with *degrees* of softness to her bosom.
It is not change—whatever in the heart
That wears its semblance, we in looking back
With gratulation or regret perceive—
It is not change we undergo, but only
Growth or development. Yes ! what is childhood,
But, after all, a sort of golden daylight,
A beautiful and blessed wealth of sunshine,
Wherein the powers and passions of the soul
Sleep star-like, but existent, till the night
Of time and manhood call the slumberers forth,
And they rise up in glory. Early grief,
A shadow like the darkness of eclipse,
Hath sometimes waked them sooner.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM MODERN TRAVEL.*

The interest attached to the reading of travels in Palestine and the neighbouring lands is vivid and undying. This interest arises from a combination of causes. The earliest Poets, Historians, Legislators, were natives of the narrow strip of land, which lines the eastern edge of the Mediterranean. Some of the earliest events recorded in the authentic history of the world occurred here. Here were located those sweet pastoral scenes, and events, which, related in the simplicity of truth, are so charming to the young, and so full of quiet delight to the old.

But chiefly, as the theatre of supernatural events, and of the successive revelations of God to man, is Palestine a source of deepest interest alike to Jew and Christian. We shall not attempt to describe the thrill of delight which pervades the heart of the traveller from the far West, as he first gazes upon the outline of the Holy Land, and sees Carmel projecting into the sea, as if reaching forth to welcome him, and Lebanon raising to the clouds his hoar head, like some ancient priest or prophet, and looking benignantly down upon his new admirer and visitor. Much less shall we attempt to put into words the enthusiasm, the ecstasy of him who kneels for the first time at the Holy Sepulchre, or traces the footsteps of the God-man, along the *via dolorosa*, up the step of Calvary; or searches out the consecrated haunts of the Saviour and His Apostles along the Western shore of the lake of Galilee.

Suffice it to say that the interest of the subject is intense enough to dignify the most trifling, and enliven the dullest book. Hence even the stupidities, and insipidities, and superstitions of the early travellers are pardoned; for we so love the subject, that we forget, in part, the defects of its treatment, and dull and dry as they are, we pore over them, with as much delight as the child over its nursery tale, or the youth over the thousand and one nights. Benjamin of Tudela, Sir John Maundeville, Maundrell and others become to us friends and brothers for they each tell us *something* of the birth place of our religion, of the glorious land of prophets, patriarchs, kings, and apostles.

The only class of writers we cannot endure on such a subject, is that of the skeptic and the rationalist—men of little learning and much conceit; men who, believing nothing, and loving nothing but their own vanity, visit this glorious land of wonders only to doubt, to sneer, to ridicule. *Procul, oh! procul este profani*. What have such men to do on the soil hallowed by the visits of Angels, and trodden in every part by the weary footsteps of the Son of Man? Unfortunately a portion of their spirit has been infused into the breasts of really religious and learned men. Setting out with the determination to reject all the traditions of the Monks and natives, and to re-examine all questions of localities by the light of their own reason, they have voluntarily eliminated from their ex-

* The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the manners and customs, the scenes and scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. Thompson, D.D., etc. Maps, engravings, etc. 2 vols. 12mo. Harpers

amination one of the elements of truth, and made it impossible in many cases to come to a just and satisfactory conclusion. Not that tradition is always just or wise, but where almost all knowledge is handed down from father to son, and from age to age, and where not only habits, dress, manners, language, but also ideas, and sentiments and even *names* scarcely change from age to age, a greater force is to be given to tradition than an Occidental can well imagine.

One of the latest books, which has come into our hands, is happily, for the most part, free from this fault. We allude to the *Land and the Book*, by W. M. Thomson, D.D. True, the author is a disciple of Robinson, that veteran traveller and learned investigator; and Robinson is the Prince and Leader of the doubters and reasoners, who have contrived to unsettle so much relating to the sacred localities, and have themselves settled little to the satisfaction of the really learned and judicious. But Dr. Thomson is not a *servile* follower of Robinson. In several places he has ventured modestly but firmly to differ from his leader; as e. g. in regard to the localities of Capernaum and Chorazin, he has successfully defended views of the case which had been set aside with contempt by Robinson.

But this is not among the greatest of his merits. He had spent twenty-five years in the country as a Missionary; had become familiar with the native dialects, especially the Arabic; had carefully studied the manners and character of every tribe of the natives; had visited and conversed with every class of the people; had threaded the narrow defiles, and climbed the mountains,

and crossed the lakes and rivers, and studied the scenery, and climate, and seasons, and arts, and agriculture, and religions of every portion of the country; and that not once only, but again and again, in summer and winter, and under a great variety of circumstances: nor are his personal qualifications for such a task of a mean order. Making no pretensions to the deep and varied learning of Robinson, he is yet a well informed scholar; an active, cheerful hardy traveller, knowing how to make the best of untoward circumstances, a cautious and accurate observer, and passably good at describing what he sees. In modesty and candor he is very favorably contrasted with Dr. Barclay (*"City of the Great King"*) whose book is insufferable for its insolent vanity and pretence. The type, paper and woodcuts are excellent, highly illustrative, and particularly rich in the department of Natural History. They alone would make many obscure passages of Holy Scripture, quite plain and intelligible. We have but one fault to find with them. Those relating to the *people* and the arts are often copied from Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and that without acknowledgment. This may be the fault of the publishers only. We are ignorant how far the *author* is responsible for the *illustrations*. We have no means of judging how far these illustrations are applicable to Palestine. We know that they are faithful representations of the state of things in Egypt; but while there are strong generic resemblances, we also know that there are striking specific differences between men and manners in Egypt and Syria; and we know not how far to make allowance for them. True, the book has been much enriched

by these figures and they are valuable in themselves. In fact Lane's *Modern Egyptians* is one of the most thoroughly satisfactory books of modern travel, which it has ever been our lot to meet with. We are surprised, that it has never been republished in America. A hundred trashy and silly books have found a wide sale in our country, while Lane's volumes have quietly reposed in the libraries of a few of our more learned men. And there is not the excuse that they are heavy and unreadable. They are crammed with interesting information, from beginning to end; are clear and pleasant enough in style, and happily and judiciously illustrated. We do not object to the borrowing from such volumes, but why not honestly confess it?

There are a few other faults. Arabic words and technical and local terms are often left wholly unexplained. Perhaps the very familiarity of our author with these things has caused him to forget, that they were necessarily unknown to his readers. Again: though Arabic names are given with apparently a very careful accentuation, we find no explanation of the accents, and no direction as to the sounds of the vowels. Lane to be sure has done so for his book; but we find no reference to Lane on this subject. It may seem a little thing, but without audible pronunciation, we gain scarcely any clear idea of foreign names, and the memory suffers greatly by the loss.

Now and then, too, the author seems to forget his usual staid tone, and lapse into affectations of style and a sophomoric effort quite unworthy of a writer so really able. Take, for example, the following, vol. i, p. 508. After saying cor-

rectly, that the scenes of the Bible were laid mostly in the *country*, he goes on:

"We do, in fact, read, and study, and worship, in nature's holy temple, where God hath set a tabernacle for the sun, and made a way for the moon, with her starry train, to walk by night. In this many aisled temple, eye, and ear, and heart, and every spirit avenue, and sense of body, share in this solemn worship. Oh! I do ever delight to linger there, and listen to hear the 'piping wind' wake up the echoes, that sleep in the Wadies, and the softer melodies of brooks that run among the hills; I do so love the flock-clad fields and woods, with singing birds; and vales, full to the brim and running over with golden light from the setting sun, streaming down a slope through groves of steadfast oak, and peaceful olive; and at early morn to breathe the air, with odors loaded and perfumes from countless flowers, sweet with the dewy baptism of the night. A thousand voices call to prayer, and praise ascends like clouds of incense to the Throne Eternal."

This will do very well for Lamartine, whose book on Palestine is one continued rhapsody, but is certainly unexpected in a missionary of twenty-five years' standing. Was it not an extract from his note-book, when in the glow of youth, and full ardor of poetical enthusiasm, he had just set foot on the shores of the Holy Land?

But after all, the faults which we have indicated, and others which might be, but need not be named, are but spots on the sun. The crowning glory of the book, that which must make it for a long time of incalculable value to the Biblical student, its fullness and accuracy, and freshness of Biblical illustration. From rain and sunshine—from storm

and drought—from dry season and wet*—from plants, and vines, and briers, and trees—from the valley of Jordan and the mountains of Lebanon—from lakes Merom and Galilee and the Dead Sea—from the plowman goading his oxen, and the buffalo bathing in the pure streams, or wallowing swine-like in the mire—from every rude and clumsy operation of their still primitive agriculture—from flocks, and herds, and flights of birds—from rude huts of peasants, and tents of Arabs, and ruins of castles, and pillars, and temples, and aqueducts—from festivals and fasts, and strange, picturesque devotional services, and attitudes—from shepherds, and husbandmen, and robbers, and thieves, and priests, and monks, and dervishes, and hadjies—from everything animate, and inanimate—from all nature, and all art, as there exhibited, he contrives to draw valuable illustrations of Holy Scripture; sometimes old, it is true, but often new, and of most striking interest. The light, thus thrown upon Scripture, is often clear and vivid, superceding many a clumsy guess of the commentators, and placing the transaction, or the truth before our eyes in the most life-like manner. Indeed, for the purposes of the Sunday School teacher, the theological student, and the divine, this is *the* book to accompany the great Book of all—the Bible. Nor is it of scarcely less interest or importance to the inquisitive layman, especially to the young. He, who once takes it up, will recur to it again and again with increased pleasure, and will find it ever adding largely to his instruction, no less than to his amusement.

Another work, worthy of mention, has just appeared, with the same general design and purpose,

viz: "Palestine—Past and Present, with Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices, by Rev. Henry S. Osborn, A. M." etc. It is dedicated to Rev. Edw'd Robinson, D.D. L.L. D. A goodly volume in 8 vo., with white paper, large type, and wide margin, of 600 pages, and quite a luxury to read. The two maps, by which it is accompanied, are larger and more distinct than those in Thompson's volumes. In fact, the latter is unsatisfactory on this point. Though the maps have a number of places identified, whose localities were not before ascertained, they are on too small a scale; and the narrative of the author, mentions a great number of names, which cannot be traced on them. Osborn's book, also, has one excellent feature, which we have seen in no other book of travel: an index of all the names of places given in the Bible, with their latitudes and longitudes annexed in tabular form. Should this prove to have been carefully compiled, it will be of incalculable value to the Biblical student. It must be remembered, however, that such a work must necessarily be imperfect. The locality of many of the names is purely conjectural, and that of many others is forever lost. The only way for the scholar even to *approach* the truth on this subject is to keep a manuscript index, and add, from year to year, the the identifications made by travelers and scientific men, who are now every year more and more eagerly pursuing their investigations.

Of course we do not rely on any results obtained by Mr. Osborn, as of like authority with those of Dr. Thomson. A single tour, more or less hasty, through any country, will leave many dim, many imperfect, and many erroneous impressions on the mind of the tourist.

* There are really but *two* seasons in Palestine.

It is only after repeated visits, and often repeated examinations of the same objects, that one begins to understand their true character and relations. Especially is this true of all which relates to antiquities. And the young traveler from America, who shall think in a hasty ramble of a few weeks or months to settle great points of controversy, because he has been on the spot, will meet with little respect from the judicious and considerate.

If any one wishes to pursue his investigations still further than the above books would furnish him the means of doing, we can recommend to him two red volumes of Murray, viz: "A Handbook for Travelers in Syria and Palestine, with maps and plans." There is nothing, it is true, like *seeing* foreign and strange countries. There is, of course, a vividness of reality about the memory of the actual objects of our vision to be gained in no other way. Yet, for the comfort of those who do not find it convenient

or possible to travel, we may say, that we have known men, who have obtained from books, and plans, and pictures, and maps, a far more accurate idea of foreign countries than the great majority of those who have visited them. There have been Americans, who have never crossed the Atlantic, who have known more about London, than many intelligent Londoners; and we were, a few days since, in a company of Carolinians, where one man, who had never seen England, knew evidently far more of it, than four or five tourists then present, who had just returned. In fact, the information obtained by a personal visit to a foreign country, unless prolonged to at least a year, is almost worthless, being quite as likely to *mislead* as to give real instruction. With these views, we recommend to young men a diligent use of maps, and plans, and gazeteers, and even hand books; and we are sure if they will follow our advice, they will thank us for it hereafter.

LINES.

O! Love! when dream I not of thee,
 O! Love! my life and love are one,
 And yet O! Love! thou seem'st to me,
 The one new thing beneath the sun:
 When all is said, and looked and done,
 That love may know of love's sweet lore,
 Love's life seems only half-begun,
 And Love still looks for more.

DOGS.

We have no sympathy with the individual who is not fond of Dogs, precisely as we have no sympathy with the individual who takes no pleasure in the innocent sports, and endearing caresses of children. It is true that some men have been led, by a savage or affected contempt for mankind, to cultivate the friendship of the dog, and when the favourite dies, ostentatiously to erect a monument over its remains, with the inscription that the master had been blessed with but "*one* friend, and that there that friend's dust reposed." We doubt whether such persons have any real appreciation of the noble qualities of the animal, whom they use as an unconscious ally in their war against the world. It is probable that, could the poor deceived beast (fondled not for his own sake) be made to comprehend that he had been elevated to a forced apotheosis, at the expense of the general character of man, whom Burns fancifully calls "the Dog's God," and *that* simply to gratify the bitter, envious feeling of some disappointed sinner who "hated the world not wisely, but too well," Ponto, or Dash, or Caesar, would growl uneasily in his grave, and perhaps even haunt the slumbers of the vain creature who had wronged him in the shape of the "dog fiend," of whose dreadful appearance we have read in the German legends. The affection for the dog to which we refer, is a genial, healthful, good-natured affection, compounded of esteem, gratitude, and the sense of protection bestowed upon the faithfulest and most trustworthy of dependents. Who has failed, in the

course of his life, to make the acquaintance of some canine prodigy of loyal devotion, if not personally, at least in fancy, through the detailed information of friends? And who, in examining the records of beautiful tenderness and fidelity, which the history of the animal furnishes, has not asked himself whether it were possible to believe that some of the highest moral virtues could be displayed by creatures destined to sink into the sleep of annihilation; or, whether it is not quite rational to suppose that the dog, too, has a *soul* capable of future indefinite development? This belief, so far from being degrading to humanity, possesses, in our opinion, an elevating tendency. For it shows that the beauty of Love and Truth, and unselfish Faith is an *inherent* beauty, altogether independent of the medium through which these virtues are manifested, or of the abodes they may have taken to themselves; in brief, that the love, and truth, and unselfish devotion of a dog are not a whit less admirable than the same qualities in a woman who would die for her lover, or a patriot who would die for his country!

The origin of the dog, like the origin of so many other races, higher in the intellectual and spiritual grade, is a question of profound obscurity. In remote ages, we find him occupying a position the very reverse of that recently assigned him by Burns. Man was not then his God, but he was the God of man. He was thus deified in the monstrous worship of the far East; his effigy, surrounded with marks and hieroglyphs of honour,

appears on the walls and friezes of temples, which alone remain, to hint of long-dead civilizations; and at a later period, looking from the earth to the heavens, the observer recognized his name in one of the first-mentioned, and most important of the stars. Naturalists are at fault as to the original stock. Buffon asserts that the sheep-dog is to be considered responsible for all other varieties, whilst Hunter agreeing, if we rightly remember, with Cuvier, claims the wolf as his progenitor, "supposing also that the jackal is the same animal further advanced towards civilization, or, the dog returned to its wild state." "Indeed the affinity," says Jesse in his 'Anecdotes of Dogs,' "between wolf, jackal, fox and dog, cannot fail to attract the notice of the most superficial observer." Now, do they really belong to a single species, necessarily modified by the differences of climate, food and training? Before this inquiry can be answered, *another* suggests itself as to what may be fairly considered as constituting a *species*—a simple question apparently, but nevertheless one which possibly involves the most intricate and difficult problem in the whole range of Natural History. "Difference of form," says Jesse again, "is of little significance here; for the pug, grey hound and spaniel are wider apart in this respect than many dogs, and the wild animals just named." It is an unwise conjecture to suppose that such varieties are owing to artificial customs, and artificial breeding through a long succession of centuries. Who ever saw the grey hound, for example, trained to the pointer's scent, or the spaniel trained to the bulldog's ferocity? A more satisfactory mode of argument, and a mode which promises clear results, may be founded upon a consideration of the shape of the pupil of

the eye, and its dilating and contracting power in the animals referred to.

In the *wolf, jackal and dog*, the pupil is round, however contracted; whereas, in the *fox as in the cat*, "it contracts vertically into an elongated figure, like the section of a lens." This is a permanent character, not affected by artificial circumstances, and may be looked upon as, in some degree, settling the pretensions of the fox, at least, to an ancient, close relationship with the dog. But there is a stronger argument still in favour of the view, that the fox, if not an utter alien to the dog, is no doubt of a "distinct species." This is suggested to us by the discovery of Mr. Gulliver, that whilst "the blood-corpuscles of the dog and wolf agree exactly, those of all true foxes are *distinctly smaller*." At this point, we may dismiss the fox as attempting, in accordance with his mean and cunning nature, to win an honorable distinction upon false pretences. But the case of the wolf is stronger. The question remains an open one: is *he* the "first father" of the canine race? Here we must revert to what constitutes a species. Hunter defines it to be, "*the power of breeding together, and of continuing the breed with each other*." The first condition of this definition has been fulfilled, in the result of a connection between a dog and a wolf, belonging to Lords Clanbrassil and Pembroke more than half a century ago, as the following curious epitaph, still to be seen in the garden at Wilton House, conclusively testifies:

"HERE LIES LUPA,
Whose Grand-mother was a Wolf,
Whose father and Grand-father
were Dogs, and whose
Mother was half Wolf and half Dog.
She died on the 16th Oct., 1782,
Aged 12 years.

But though the dog and the wolf are thus proved to have the "power of breeding together," the experiment has never been carried far enough to establish *the other fact*, essential to the complete fulfilment of the conditions of Hunter's definition, viz: that "*the progeny* would continue fertile *inter se*."

The question of *species* is, therefore, unsettled. Only, before quitting this part of the subject, we will quote a few brief sentences from Mr. Jesse's work, which go to prove that the dog is a breed independent and *sui generis*. "The Wolf," he says, "has oblique eyes; the eyes of dogs have never retrograded to that position. If the dog descended from the wolf, a constant tendency would have been observed in the former to revert to the original type or species. This is a law in all other cross-breeds, but amongst all the varieties of dogs, the tendency has *not* existed. I may also add, that the number of teats of the female wolf has never been known to vary. With respect to the dog they *do vary*, some having more and others a less number."

But, whatever may be the doubt which hangs over the origin of the dog, there can be none as to the importance of his position in man's household, a position so marked that a French author has felt himself justified in affirming, that "there is *nothing* on earth so necessary to the comfort of man (with the single exception of women) as the dog." Let us not hastily put down this assertion as only another instance of the proverbial exaggeration of the French mind and mode of reasoning.

The opinion is worthy of all respect, because it is essentially true. What would be the immediate consequences to men in almost every quarter of the globe, if the species of this faithful canine subject, who

acknowledges the "divine right" of his Master to govern, with more of practical, profound sincerity, than was ever displayed by the most bigoted of legitimists, should suddenly become extinct? The misfortune attending such a catastrophe, would not be confined to the poor Shepherd among the hills of Scotland or on the Italian Campagnas, but would carry a keen sense of insecurity among the wealthy inhabitants of many a proud metropolis! And not only so, but *were* the event possible, who can doubt that the best and purest *affections* of millions would be cruelly tried by the loss of companions, who, though not endowed with the gift of tongues, had secured a place in the hearts of those with whom they lived, by unnumbered acts of devotion and unselfish duty?

It was but a few weeks since, that calling casually upon a friend—one whom the world has been accustomed to pronounce a Phlegmatic—we found him deeply agitated, the tears starting to his eyes, and his whole frame trembling with emotion.

The cause was the recent death of a favourite pointer, a dog that had never been out of his sight, as he told us (with *one* peculiar exception) for more than a few hours, during the space of nine years, and who that morning had crawled to his feet as he sat at breakfast, and looking affectionately in his face, had been seized by a brief convulsion—and died. Our friend, who was a physician, made a *post mortem* examination of the animal's body, and discovered that his death had been caused by a disease, closely resembling *an aneurism of the heart*. He further stated that he had been absent from home for some months, during which the dog pined, and would only eat when on the verge of absolute starvation.

The poor brute survived after his return but a few days!

Can any one doubt that in this instance the dog died of the ultimate effects of protracted anxiety, caused by his master's absence, aggravated by his refusal to partake of any regular meals? But dogs have been known to die in like manner with human beings, from the excess of *sudden joy*, no less than from anxiety and grief. An English officer had a dog of noble breed, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the colonies. Throughout his absence the animal appeared very much dejected.—When the officer returned home, the dog who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leapt upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few moments fell dead at his feet. Many anecdotes are recorded, illustrative of the *fidelity* of dogs and the Roman-like steadfastness of purpose which they exhibit when any thing has been placed under their charge.

An instance is related of a chimney sweeper having entrusted his soot bag, dropped in the middle of the street, to the care of a common cur, who suffered a cart to drive over and crush him to death sooner than abandon his charge.

The "Cyclopædia of Natural History" informs us that "in the neighborhood of Cupar, in the county of Fife, there lived two dogs, mortal enemies to each other, and who always fought desperately whenever they met. Capt. R. was the master of one of them, and the other belonged to a neighboring farmer. Capt. R.'s dog was in the habit of going messages, and even of bringing butcher's meat and other articles from Cupar. One day while re-

turning, charged with a basket containing some pieces of mutton, he was attacked by some of the curs of the town, who, no doubt, thought the prize worth contending for. The assault was fierce, and of some duration; but the messenger after doing his utmost, was at last overpowered and compelled to yield up the basket, though not before he had secured a part of its contents. The piece saved from the wreck he ran off with at full speed to the quarters of his old enemy, at whose feet he laid it down, stretching himself beside it until he had eaten it up. A few snuffs, a few whispers in the ear, and other dog-like courtesies were then exchanged; after which they both set off together for Cupar, where they worried almost every dog in the town, and what is more remarkable, they never quarrelled afterwards, but were always on friendly terms."

The character of the dog is elevated and improved to a wonderful degree by the ameliorating influences of refinement and culture. Under proper training he becomes a gentleman so polite and attentive to etiquette, that he may be admitted with perfect safety into the best society and the most *recherche* drawing rooms. Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History," says: "The sagacity and talents of the dog are justly celebrated. But when these are improved by association with man and by education, he becomes, in some measure, a rational being. The senses of the dog—particularly that of smelling—give him a superiority over every other quadruped. He reigns at the head of a flock, and his language, whether expressive of blandishment, or of command, is better heard and better understood than the voice of his master. Safety order and discipline are the effects of his vigilance and activity. * *

When in pursuit of prey, he makes a complete display of his courage and intelligence. In this situation, both natural and acquired talents are exerted. As soon as the voice or the horn of the hunter is heard, the dog demonstrates his joy by the most expressive emotions and accents. By his movements and cries he announces his impatience for combat, and his passion for victory. Sometimes he moves silently along, reconnoitres the ground and endeavours to discover and surprise the enemy. At other times he traces the animal's steps, and by different modulations of voice, and by the movements, particularly of his tail, indicates the distance, the species, and even the age of the fugitive deer. * * The shepherd's dog not only understands the language of his master, but when too distant to be heard, he knows *how to act by signals made with the hand.*"

In Daniel's "Rural Sports," we find the following remarkable anecdote of the strong memory and sagacity of a dog leading to the preservation of his master's life, under peculiar circumstances of difficulty and danger: "A Scotch grazier, named Archer, having lost his way and being benighted, at last got to a lone cottage, where, on his being admitted, a dog which had left Archer's house *four years before*, immediately recognized him, and fawned upon him, and when he retired for the night, followed him into his chamber, and there by his gestures induced him narrowly to examine it; and then Archer saw sufficient reason to assure him that he was in the house of murderers. Rendered desperate by the terrors of his situation, he burst into the room where the Banditti were assembled, and wounded his insidious host by a pistol shot; in the confusion

which the sudden explosion occasioned, he opened the door, and though he was fired at, accompanied by his dog Brutus, he exerted all his speed until daylight which enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. Upon his arrival at the house, and telling the master of it his story, he called up some soldiers that were there quartered, and who, by the aid of the dog, retraced the way back to the cottage. Upon examining the building, a trap door was found which opened into a place, where, among the mangled remains of several persons, was the body of the owner, who had received the shot from the grazier's pistol in his neck, and, although not dead, had been by the wretches, his associates, in their quick retreat, thrown into this secret cemetery. He was cured of his wound, delivered up to justice, tried and executed." Here is another anecdote—derived from the same source—equally curious, and much more affecting than the last:

"A merchant had received a large sum of money, and being fatigued with riding in the heat of the day, had retired to rest himself in the shade, and upon remounting his horse had forgotten to take up the bag which contained the money. His dog tried to remind his master of his inadvertency, by crying and barking, which so surprised the merchant, that, in crossing a brook, he observed whether the dog drank, as he had suspicions of his being mad, and which were confirmed by the dog's not lapping any water, and by his increased barking and howling, and at length, by his trying to bite the heels of the horse.

Impressed with the idea of the dog's madness, to prevent mischief, he discharged a pistol at him, and the poor dog fell. After riding some distance, he discovered that

his money was missing. His mind was immediately struck that the actions of the dog were only efforts to remind him of his loss. He galloped back to where he had fired the pistol, but the dog was gone from thence to the spot where he (the master) had reposed. What were the merchant's feelings when he perceived the faithful creature in the struggles of death lying beside the bag which had been forgotten. The dog tried to rise, but his strength failed him. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him with agony of regret; and casting a look of kindness on his master, closed his eyes forever."

As an evidence of the benevolence of which the dog is capable, what follows is highly singular and interesting: "In a small town of Derbyshire, cocks and hens may be seen running about the streets. One day a game cock attacked a bantam, and they fought desperately, the bantam having, of course, the worst of it. Some persons were standing about looking on the fight, when a dog suddenly darted out of a neighboring house, snatched up the bantam in his mouth, and carried it into the house. Several of the spectators followed, believing that the fowl would be killed and eaten by the dog, but his intentions were more merciful. After guarding the entrance of the kennel for some time, he trotted down the yard into the street, looked about to right and left, and seeing that the coast was clear, he went back again, and once more returning with his *protégé* in his mouth, safely deposited him in the street, and then walked quietly away!" In further illustration of the humanity of these marvellous animals, it may be mentioned, that a dog has been known to convey food to another of his species, who

was tied up, and pining for the want of it. Again, a dog has been seen to leap into a rapid river, and rescue a comrade in danger of drowning, and he has even condescended to defend some wretched cur—a member of the dog-democracy—from the attacks of grey-hounds and pointers.

But decidedly the strangest anecdote we know of the perceptive and educatory capacity of the dog, is an account which we owe to so high an authority as Leibnitz. This illustrious *savant* made the following statement to the members of the French Academy of Sciences:

A peasant in Saxony owned a dog, of ordinary breed, and mid-pling size. A little boy, the peasant's son, thought he perceived in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, and therefore determined to teach him to speak distinctly. For this purpose, he spared neither time nor pains with his pupil, who was about three years old when his learned education commenced, and at length, he made such progress in language as to be able to *articulate no less than thirty words*. It appears, however, that he was somewhat of a truant, and did not willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed into the service of literature, and it was necessary that the words should be first pronounced to him each time before he spoke. The French Academicians, who mention this anecdote, add very wisely, as it seems to us, that "unless they had received the unequivocal testimony of so great a man as Leibnitz, who spoke from his *personal observation* of the animal's powers, they should scarcely have dared to relate the circumstance." There is one other instance on record, of a talking dog, owned by an invalid gentleman who resided for some years on Ham

Common, in Surrey. This animal would distinctly pronounce the names of John and William, besides two or three other words, which we cannot recall.

Next in importance to the extraordinary anecdote given on the authority of Leibnitz, is an account which we take from the "Percy Anecdotes:"

"One day, when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after having been carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding place, he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue pont-aux Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly in and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost, or left behind by his master, regarded his movements as marks of fondness, and as the animal was handsome, determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper and on retiring for the night, took him with him

to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The traveller posted after him, with his night-cap on, and literally *sans culottes!* Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of his pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a faithful creature, and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," said the other smiling, "without doubt there is in your purse a six livre piece with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the perfect conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you."

The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness, and such a disagreeable chase."

We must here bring our list of anecdotes to a close. The reader who has followed us thus far, cannot have failed to perceive that not only have we made good, by illustrations resting on trustworthy authority, the assertion that the dog

is the faithfulest and most constant of friends, but that there is abundant reason to hold his inherent intellectual capacity to be immensely greater than is commonly supposed. Surely, an animal so loving and intelligent may claim, by the right of nature, a very high place in our affection and esteem!

Whenever (and the sight is shamefully common) we see a man deliberately ill-treat this noblest of the brute creation, we are tempted, in a burst of paradoxical anger, to say that he himself is a wicked, unfeeling dog.

Only bring up your canine companion in the way he should go by a system of kind but firm training; only educate him, in every respect, aright, and our word for it, he will seldom, if ever, give you cause for just resentment.

All other friends *may* fail, all other pupils disappoint you, but the devotion of your dog is equalled only by the devotion of a true woman; and whatever you have thoroughly taught him, he always retains, and is ever ready to display for your entertainment and delight. Impartially regarding his many touching traits of character, his tenderness of heart, and quickness of intellect, we are enabled to comprehend how such a doctrine as

that of the Pythagorean Metempsychosis first arose! * * * *

Referring specially to the *Irish wolf hound*, but still imparting to her excellent poem a general vigorous applicability of tone to all the nobler classes of the canine race, Mrs. Catherine Phillips, about the year 1660, published the following lines, with which we may fitly conclude this essay:

"Behold this creature's form and state,
Him Nature surely did create,
That to the world might be exprest
What mien there can be in a beast;
More nobleness of form and mind
Than in the lion we can find:
Yea! this heroic beast doth seem
In majesty to rival him!

"Yet he *vouchsafes* to man to show
His service, and submission too—
And here we a distinction have;
That brute is fierce, the dog is brave.

He hath himself so well subdued,
That hunger cannot make him rude;
*And all his manners do confess
That courage dwells with gentleness!*

"War with the wolf he loves to wage,
And never quits if he engage;
But praise him much, and you may
chance

To put him out of countenance.
And having done a deed so brave,
He looks not sullen, yet looks grave.
No fondling play-fellow is he;
His master's guard he wills to be,
Willing for him his blood is spent,
His look is never insolent:
Few men to do such noble deeds have
learn'd,
Nor having done, could look so uncon-
cern'd." *

TRUE LOVERS.

One soul that in two bosoms makes her shrine,
Two hearts that vibrate to the self-same chord,
Two incenses that rising heavenward join,
Two silvery sounds in one melodious word.

* It is proper to state that the line of argument in the preceding essay, and also most of the anecdotal matter, has been derived from that truly satisfactory work, "*ANECDOTES OF DOGS*," by Edward Jesse, Esq., which is included by Bohn, in his "*Illustrated Library*."

MARY BEATRICE.

"Mary Beatrice is said to have looked back, with streaming eyes, towards the royal home where her beloved consort (James II.) remained, lonely and surrounded with perils; and that she vainly endeavored to trace out the lights of Whitehall, among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the dark rolling river."—*Strickland's Queens of England.*

Well may'st thou tremble, and with tearful gaze,
Italia's daughter! bid a mute farewell
To all the sun-bright scenes of earlier days,
E'er Sorrow's darkening shades around thee fell.

And vainly would'st thou trace each glowing light,
That shines, reflected, on the dancing wave,
To know which glistens in thy home to-night,
Where oft their rays a welcome to thee gave.

The Past, the Past, what is it to thee now,
That once a nation bent before thy throne?
The regal crown that pressed thy queenly brow,
Another Mary soon shall proudly own.

And yet wilt thou, with passionate delight,
Cling to the love that twined around thy heart;
Dearer than all beside in Sorrow's night,
Thou'lt perish with it sooner than to part

From him, who knew not how to value right
Thy soul's deep tenderness, till Sorrow's hour
Unfolded fully to his wondering sight,
The hidden secret of thy glorious power.

Thou art more lovely in thy touching fate,
True to that love for which thou long hast striven,
Than when a queen enthroned in royal state,
All courtly praise to thee was daily given.

Yet did'st thou, with a noble mind, despise
The hollow show of happiness around;
Thy spirit sought for joy which never dies,
With perfect peace and love immortal crown'd.

Mourn then thy grievous lot on earth no more,
Though here thy fallen hopes may never rise;
Joy shall be thine when troubled life is o'er,
A brighter crown awaits thee in the skies.

FACTS, ANECDOTES, INTERESTING QUOTATIONS, AND LITERARY ESTRAYS,
ENCOUNTERED IN THE BY-WAYS OF READING.

Gifford, in his preface to the works of Ben Jonson, refers to Tarlton, a famous comic clown of Jonson's time, (belonging to the school of buffoons, against which Shakspeare levels his wit in Hamlet,) in the following terms:

"Tarlton was perhaps the most popular comic performer that ever trod the stage, and his memory was cherished with fond delight, by the vulgar, to the period of the Revolution." Gifford supports his assertion by the testimony of hundreds of contemporary witnesses, who agree in saying that his comic powers were "unrivalled, and, in their estimation, almost miraculous."

Indeed, there are few names in the whole circle of Elizabethan literature more frequently alluded to than that of Richard Tarlton. A record of his merry sayings and doings has been published under the title of "Tarlton's Jests and News out of Purgatory;" from this rare pamphlet we quote a few characteristic paragraphs. As for the wit of them, we say not much, but certainly they are curious, and may serve to interest the antiquarian reader.

"How Tarlton Flouted two Gallants.—Tarlton, being in a merry vaine as hee walked in the Great Hall in Greenwich, hee met my Lord Chamberlaine going between two fantasticke gallants, and cryde aloud unto him, My Lord! my Lord! you are in great danger; whereat amazed hee asked whereof. Of *drowning*, quoth Tarlton, were it not for these two bladders under each of your armes!"

How Tarlton Frightened a Country Fellow.—Tarlton, passing through London by chance, he heard a simple country fellow, in an ale-house, calling for a Kingston pot of ale, stept in to him, and threatened to accuse him of treason, saying: Sirra! I have seene and tasted of a penny pot of ale, and have found good of the price, but of a Kingston coyne I never heard, and therefore it is some counterfeite, and I must know how thou cam'st by it. Hereupon the country fellow was driven into such amaze that out of the doors he got, and took him to his heels as though wilde fire had followed him.

Tarlton's Answer to a Rich Londoner.—Tarlton, meeting a rich Londoner, fell into talk about the Bishop of Peterborough, highly praising his bounty to his servants, his liberality to strangers, his great hospitality, and his charity to the poore;—he dothe well, says the rich man, for what he hath, he hath but during his life. *Why, quoth Tarlton, for how many lives have you your goods?*

These jests (excepting the last) are dreary enough. Compare them with the contents of any modern jest-book—the wit of Douglas Jerrold for example—and how remarkable the difference, and yet Tarlton was doubtless a man of the most brilliant parts.

— Among the objects of interest exhibited at the Museum of the Wilt's Archæological Society at Salisbury, in 1854, was a lock of hair of Queen Elizabeth, which had

been found at Wilton House between the leaves of a copy of Sydney's *Arcadia*.

The hair is light brown, approaching to auburn, certainly *not* red, although with a reddish tinge. Its authenticity is set forth in a paper in an early hand, which states:

"This lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair was presented to Sir Philip Sydney by her own fair hands, on which he made these verses, and gave them to the Queen on his bended knee, A. D. 1572."

And pinned to this, is another paper on which, written in a different hand, said to be Sydney's own, we have these verses:

"Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
Envy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling Gems her virtues draw the sight,
And in her Conduct she is alwaies Bright.
When she imparts her thoughts, her wordes have force
And Sense and Wisdom flow in sweet discourse."

Herrick or Marvel might have written the following piece, "Musical light:"

Quiet skies in quiet lakes,
No wind wakes,
All their beauty double:
But a single pebble breaks,
Lake and sky to trouble;
Then dissolves the foam it makes
In a bubble.
With the pebble in my hand,
Here upon the brink I stand
Meanwhile, standing on the brink,
Let me think!
Not for her sake, but for mine,
Let those eyes unquestioned shine,
Half divine;
Let no hand disturb the rare
Smoothness of that lustrous hair
Anywhere;
Let that white breast never break
Its calm motion—sleep or wake—
For my sake.
Not for her sake, but for mine,
All I might have I resign,
Should I glow
To the hue—the fragrance fine—
The mere first sight of the wine,

If I drain'd the goblet low?

Who can know!

With her beauty like the snow,
Let her go! Shall I repine
That no idle breath of mine
Melts it? No! 'Tis better so,
All the same, as she came,
With her beauty like the snow,
Cold, unspotted, let her go!
[“Owen Meredith” (Young Bulwer.)]

Those of our readers who take the *New York Evening Post*, must be familiar with the pleasant letters which Wm. Cullen Bryant contributed to that journal during his stay in Europe. These epistles have recently been issued in book form, by the Appletons, with the title of “Letters from Spain and other Countries.” We select a few entertaining extracts. The first shall be Mr. Bryant's account of a Gascon postilion:

“At Irun, we had taken our fourth postilion, after leaving Bayonne—a meagre, crooked man, with sharp features, shrivelled cheeks, a hooked nose, and a little projecting knob of an under lip—not to forget a hollow scar on the right temple. He held voluble dialogues with the conductor, in which I distinguished some words identical with the Spanish, but of the rest I could make nothing. “What are they talking?” I asked of my next neighbour. “It is the dialect of Gascony,” he answered; “the postilion is from Bayonne.” But the postilion's eloquence was not confined to one language. He was somewhat of a wag, and gave us an imitation of the petulant tones of French declamation—and then, changing to a grave and quiet manner, dealt out a few proverbs and pithy sayings in Castilian. He had, besides, a joke in Basque for almost every young female we passed with a basket on her head. As we were approaching, through a narrow, fertile valley, the peninsula on which San Sebastian is

built, a troop of boys greeted us from a little distance with shouts and the smallest of them all, standing in the middle of the road, and seemingly calculating the course of our vehicle, placed a four-cornered stone exactly in the path of our left wheels, and then leaped aside to see the jolt it would give us. Our fluent Gascon instantly turned his horses a little to the right, and discharged at the offender a crack of his whip, which made him start, and a volley of loud words, which, for aught I know, might have been the purest and most classical Basque ever spoken."

Here is a description of the celebrated dead Christ of Ribera, succeeded by the very different pictures, *first*, of a Spanish ordinary, and *secondly*, of a Spanish beauty:

"The cathedral is an old Gothic building, with nothing remarkable, except a peculiarity which deforms its architecture—that is to say, a kind of bridge, thrown across the nave from each column to its opposite neighbour, about half way from the floor to the roof. A boy opened the shutters which darkened the sacristy, and showed us the picture which we had come to see—not a Crucifixion, but a Dead Christ, attributed to Ribera. The head and figure are too merely handsome to suit our conceptions of the Saviour; but they are finely painted. At the feet of the body kneels Mary Magdalen, her hands pressed together with a look of despair; the sister of Lazarus stands by its side in a more subdued sorrow, while Mary, the mother, who supports it, raises her eyes in sadness, but with a look of trust, to heaven. The effect of the picture is injured by the introduction of several cherubs, hovering about, with their pretty baby faces distorted by crying.

"We dined that day at the ordi-

nary, or *mesa redonda*, which was served at two o'clock, the fashionable hour at Burgos. With the exception of one or two, who sat at the head of the table, the men wore their hats while eating. The Spaniards consider the eating-room in a hotel as much a public place as the great square, and consequently use much the same freedom in it. I saw the guests at the table turn their heads and spit on the floor. They shovelled down the chick peas and cabbage with the blades of their knives, which they used with great dexterity. They were polite, however; not one of them would allow himself to be helped to any dish until after all the ladies; at the dessert they offered the ladies the peaches they had peeled, and they rose and bowed when the ladies left the room. On going out, we were again met by the hostess, who hoped that we had dined well; and being assured that we had, expressed her pleasure at the information.

"We proceeded to the house of Don Luis, where we took in Don Pedro and the matron of the family, with her niece, a young married lady, who seemed to me to realize in her person the ideal of Spanish beauty—regular features, lips and chin as finely moulded as those of an antique statue, large dark eyes, redundant dark locks, a face of the most perfect oval, plump, white hands, and a stately form, rounded to a certain Junonian fulness."

Mr. Bryant's description of palms and olive groves will interest both the poet and the agriculturalist:

"Passing by a large plantation of young palms, just beginning to rise from the ground, with trenches from one to another along the rows, leading the water to their roots, we entered the great wood. There were palms on both sides of the way, standing as near to each other as

they could well grow; some of them tall, the growth of centuries, others short, though equal in breadth of stem, and reared within the last fifty years. They hung out in the morning sunshine their clusters of dates, light green, yellow, or darkening into full ripeness; clusters large enough to fill a half-bushel basket, while their rigid leaves rustled with a dry, hissing sound in a light wind.

"Along the fertile *huerta*, through which we were traveling, lay, here and there, extensive olive groves, composed of as fine trees of their kind as I ever saw, stretching away to the right and left, sometimes as far as the ranges of desolate rock that overlook the country. They were loaded with fruit, which was dropping to the ground; and now that the olive harvest was come, the soil under the trees had been carefully levelled, and the peasants were shaking the boughs, picking up the olives, and carrying them away in panniers. Although so late in November, the sun was shining with a genial light, like that of our blandest October days. An hour or two before his setting, I saw where the proprietors had come out to superintend the tasks of the laborers, or to entertain their families and friends with the spectacle of the olive harvest.

Our traveller had an eye to the aspect of the women he met, as well as to the appearance of trees and fruit, as this sketch of an Arab Beauty (!) will show:

"There sat on the floor, with a bright-eyed little girl beside her, a young woman of rather pleasing aspect, extremely fat, with well-formed lips and chin, and large black eyes, wearing a gray-coloured handkerchief tied round her head, and another tied under her chin, and a loose blue

muslin robe, from under the skirt of which appeared one of her naked feet. On each cheek was a little blue mark, and her jetty eyebrows were joined by a streak of black paint. In her little plump hands, tattooed and stained with henna, she held a bellows, with which she was coaxing a flame in a little furnace filled with charcoal, on which stood a small dish of potatoes."

The last quotations we can afford to give are the following companion portraits of two Cardinals and a Lady Abbess:

"As we left the spot and entered the New Appian Way to return to the city, we met two portly ecclesiastics, whose plump legs were encased in purple stockings, while a little way behind them marched three servants in livery, and, at a still further distance, followed two carriages with purple cushions and trimmings. "They are cardinals, poor fellows," said our friend; "they are not allowed to walk in the streets of Rome; the dignity of their office forbids it. So, whenever they are inclined to fetch a walk, they are obliged to order their carriages and drive out to this solitary Campagna, where they can alight and stretch their legs without reprehension. A Cardinal, who lives near the church of Trinita del Monte, was desirous to walk to the church, and asked to be so far indulged, but his application was denied." Their Eminences, I suppose were going to take a look at the newly discovered sepulchres."

* * * *

We had but ten minutes to wait, however, and at the end of that time, we were informed that we were at liberty to go up to the convent grate. We ascended a cold, narrow staircase, to a little room, in which was an iron grate in the wall, and close to the grate were a little table and five chairs, in which

the ladies of our party seated themselves. A sliding shutter behind the grate was withdrawn, and through the opening we saw a thin old lady, of a lively aspect, come almost bounding into the room on the opposite side. She was in the garb of her order—an ample white woollen robe, with very wide sleeves, and a white cap with a black peak, to the summit of which was fastened a black veil, falling over the shoulders. She kissed the elder of the Spanish ladies through the grate, with all the fervor of an old acquaintance, shook hands with the younger, bowed graciously to the rest, and began to talk in the most animated manner."

We heartily wish that Bryant would write a greater number of books of travel, and leave the *N. Y. Evening Post* to take care of itself, as that astute journal is, doubtless, quite capable of doing.

Who has not seen (we will not say read), that portentous work in four huge volumes, issued under the title of "*Elegant Extracts*;" Of these volumes, beginning with, "Epistles" and ending with "Poetry", "the latter," says a clever writer in *Chamber's Journal*, "was our favorite." "It was made up of "useful and entertaining pieces selected for the improvement of young persons."

"Some of these indeed, culled from the flowery gardens of Dean Swift and others, would, in these days, be considered by no means elevating for youth. It is more than half a century ago since the *Elegant Extracts* were published; not a single one of our now living writers was famous enough at that period to gain admittance into these pages. The Nestor Rogers, who has so lately succumbed, after that unprecedented combat of his

with devouring Time, is quoted as an accomplished and promising young poet; but of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, of Shelley, and Keats, and Tennyson, there is nothing chronicled. How strange it seems! What revolutions, improvements, reverses, has literature undergone 'since this old book was new!' What glorious poetic fire has touched our souls, which was lying then unkindled and undreamed of in infant breasts! What wit! what wisdom! Here is a Pastoral Ballad, by one Byron, it is true; but even that is a misprint for Byron. How very much we should like to see a pastoral ballad from the pen of him who wrote the *Giour* and *Don Juan*!"

Who was Moore, the elder? Who, again, was this Rev. Mr. Maurice, whose poem of '*The Schoolboy*,' written at a very early age, we are here favoured with? Not, surely, the rejected of King's College, the ardent and able theological writer of our day. Who was 'the great essayist, Thornton?' Who was Jago (*sic*) who writes this very clever 'Imitation of Hamlet's Soliloquy'?

To print or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them?
To print, to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound;
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—ay, there's the rub—
There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
(That undiscovered country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damned?

In the poems 'Sentimental, Lyrical, and Ludicrous,' which was wont to be our favourite portion of this volume, it is remarkable how very long most of the headings are; the verses themselves do not occupy a larger space than the arguments; and the arguments are often, one would imagine, as much unsuited as possible to the muse.

'Ode on the Death of Matzel, a Favourite Bullfinch, addressed to Philip Stanhope, Esq., (natural son to the Earl of Chesterfield), to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.'

Again: 'Presented, together with a Knife, by the Rev. Samuel Bishop, Head-master of Merchant Taylor's School, to his Wife on her Wedding-day, which happened to be her Birthday and New-year's Day.'

And, 'Written on the Occasion of a Ball, in which the Ladies agreed to dress in Silks, for the Sake of encouraging the Spitalfields Manufacturers.'

The sight of 'the Lady Elizabeth Thynne cutting trees on paper,' seems to have been too much for the poet Waller to view, and be dumb; while Grainger recommends his 'Bryan and Percene, a West Indian ballad,' upon the ground—and perhaps he knew that there was no more intrinsic attraction in it—of its being 'founded on a real fact that happened in the island of St. Christopher.'

To judge by the number of poems with no other title than 'Written in a blank leaf of' this or that volume, it would seem that a white page in any book was too great a temptation for these ancient bards to fight against, even

although they had not anything particular to set down upon it. We are inclined to think that the expense and scarcity of paper in their time must be accountable for this, for we observe that Mr. Browning and Mr. Tennyson do not resort in these days for a place of record for their ideas to the fly-leaves of the books their friends lend them.

Amongst the 'Epigrams, Epitaphs, and other Little Pieces,' the immense proportion which the titles bear to the productions themselves is still more remarkable. We moderns would never surely put to a poor couplet such a water-in-the-brain-affected heading as this which follows:

On a very rich Gentleman drinking the Waters of Tunbridge Wells, who had refused to contribute to the Relief of a Distressed Family.

For deepest woes old Harpax scorns to feel,
Think ye his bowels stand in need of steel?

The principal point is always italicised, for fear the reader should chance not to see the joke. The parsons suffer terribly, and one epigram out of three, at least, of these old wits has got a divine for its butt; and we are sorry to add also, that among many of these *jeux d'esprit* there is more than a fair sprinkling of imprecation.

A Case of Conscience submitted to a Late Dignitary of the Church on his Narcotic Exposition of the following text: 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into Temptation.'

By our pastor perplexed, how shall we determine?
'Watch and pray,' says the text; 'Go to sleep,' says the sermon.

Whenever, it seems, any person of the last century had a good

thing to say, instead of issuing it at once fresh from his mental mint, he took it away into some private room, and cut it into metre, mixing it up in the proportion of three-fourths alloy to one-fourth—which was the last line—genuine gold, and so brought it back again to his company in the form of verse. A clergyman, not being ‘capped’ by his parishioner, thus reproves him :

The gownsmen stopped, and turning, sternly said :

‘I doubt, my lad, you’re far worse taught than fed.’

‘Why, ay,’ quoth Tom, still jogging on, ‘that’s true ;

Thank God, he feeds me, but I’m taught by you.’

And there are four more stupid lines, which we have not quoted, introductory to the bon-mot. Silence and attention was gained by the recital of these beforehand, and they were probably made duller than they need have been, for the sake of contrast with the witticism when it should be at last let out. These lines ‘Upon a Lady who squinted,’ are unusually compact :

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
Sure, greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two

A BRACELET.

Gems have I none to shower at your feet,
But I may borrow the bright toys in verse
To weave a bracelet for you. *These were culled*
In Cloud-land, and they form the sweetest name
That ever graced a loving Poet’s song.
Mark ! as I call them over ! There you see
Green chrysoprase, and purple amethyst,
Rubies and lustrous opals, ligurites
Of golden lustre, scarlet idocrase,
Blue napolite, and dim and gray that stone,
Like the pale skies from which it drinks its hue,
The eliolite of Norway ! Note the clasp
And its device !—a splendid heliotrope
Cut like a heart, and spotted as with blood !
While in a golden circlet of like shape
Three stones are grouped,—an onyx triple hued,
And (like a red rose ‘mid its wealth of green)
A crimson pyrope set in emerald.
My bracelet is a quaint one I confess,
And to a lady’s taste might scarce look well
By sunshine, or a ball-room’s garish light ;
Yet—for the love’s dear sake that wrought it—take
And wear it sometimes in your dreams of me.

EDITORS' TABLE.

History has been emphatically condemned as a many-volumed lie! Without going to the extent of sustaining a sentence thus unconditional, we may at least declare that so many ingredients of fable have been found to mingle with the matter of the gravest records, that one is inclined to take nothing upon mere authority—not even the authority which rests upon the *apparent* consent of mankind continued through centuries of time. No historical statements, for example, have been considered more incontrovertible than the following, viz: that the Greek Sophists were intellectual and moral corruptors, and that the special merit of Socrates was, that he rescued the Athenian mind from such demoralizing influences; and lastly, that notwithstanding *this* and other services still more conspicuous, Socrates, through the malignant misrepresentations of the meanest enemies, encouraged by the complicity of corrupt judges, suffered the penalty of death, an involuntary, although heroic martyr.

Until recently, these statements were universally accepted as correct; they are *generally* (in a popular sense), accepted as correct now. And yet, it has been proved with a certainty and force of demonstration which belongs to few sciences, excepting the Mathematics, that these opinions are radically false. The argument of Grote, the great English historian of the Greeks, is, to our mind, conclusive upon the subject. His view of the condemnation and death of Socrates, together with the circumstances which brought about these events, is particularly worthy of note. We will condense a portion of his argument for the benefit of such of our readers as may still hold to the conclusions derived from Mitford and others.

When about forty years of age, Socrates abandoned his profession of a statuary, and devoted himself exclusively to the task of teaching.

Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia, and the schools for youth; and, at a somewhat later hour, he might be seen in the market place, when it was most crowd-

ed, talking to any one, old or young, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by, never asking nor receiving reward, and being careful not to make the slightest distinction of persons. He conversed with politicians, soldiers, philosophers, tradesmen, poets, artisans, physicians, governors, students in every department of science or letters, and even with the Hetaerae. He visited every person in the city who interested him, without waiting to be invited. Aspasia was his friend, and Théodote his frequent companion. Nothing could be more public, perpetual, and indiscriminate as to persons than his conversation. Now, no other person in Athens, or any other Grecian city, ever manifested himself in this manner as a public talker for instruction. He acquired a few devoted friends, but at the same time (as was quite natural) provoked a large number of bitter personal foes. Not only was Socrates distinguished from other teachers, by this extreme publicity of conversation, but his persuasion of "*a special religious mission*, of restraints, impulses and communications sent him from the Gods," was another peculiarity of belief which aroused the enmity of the orthodox around him. Of course the faith in a *general* supernatural agency was not peculiar to Socrates, but his faith was *not of a general nature*; it inferred a "*speciality of inspiration*," for according to his own defence before the Dicastery, "he had been accustomed to hear, even from childhood, a divine voice, interfering at moments, when he was about to act in the way of *restraint*, but never in the way of *instigation*." Some writers speak of this as the "demon" of Socrates, but he himself does not personify it, but alludes to it as "*a divine sign, a prophetic voice*!" No one can doubt that the conviction of Socrates on this point was sincere.

"A circumstance," Grote says, "little observed, but really deserving of particular notice—as stated by himself—is, that the restraining voice began when he was a child, and continued down to the end of life, thus becoming an estab-

lished conviction long before his philosophic habits began." There were other ways in which Socrates believed himself to have received special divine mandates. A special mandate, for example, had been imposed upon him by dreams and oracular intimations. Of these intimations from the oracle, he particularly mentions one received in answer to a question put at Delphi by his intimate friend, Chærephon. The inquiry was, *whether any other man was wiser than Socrates*. The Pythian Priestess replied in the negative; whereupon Socrates affirms that he was greatly perplexed, being "conscious that he possessed no wisdom on any subject, small or great." At length, he resolved to test the accuracy of the decree by "taking measure of the wisdom of others as compared with his own." Beginning with a leading politician, he matches his wit and reason against the wit and reason of almost every prominent man (whether poet, artisan, or scholar,) in the State, and of course, owing to his superior intellectual acuteness, vanquishes all of his opponents. Here, then, we find the *second* peculiarity which distinguished Socrates, in addition to his publicity of life and indiscriminate conversation. *He was not only a Philosopher, but a religious missionary doing the work of philosophy.*

The *third* characteristic of Socrates, was his intellectual originality, whereby he first turned his thoughts, and those of others to the subject of *ethics*. Nature, or the "Cosmos," it will be remembered, was the theme both of the philosophers before and after him, viz: of Parmenides and Anaxagoras, as well as of Plato and Aristotle.

Socrates was the first to proclaim, and practically act, in accordance with the rule that, "the proper study of mankind is man!" This was a capital innovation in regard to the subject of Athenian study. In looking at the motives which determined it, we find Socrates exhibited chiefly as a religious man and practical philanthropic preceptor, repudiating physical science. Here was another, although a subsidiary cause of evil.

"In describing the persevering activity of Socrates as a religious and intellectual missionary, we have," says Grote again, "really described his life." His existence was legally blameless, and he had never been brought before the Dicastery, until his *one final trial*, when he was seventy years of age. It was in the year 399 B. C. that Melætus, together with Anytus and Lycon presented against him, and hung up in the appointed place, (the portico before the office of the King-Archon) the following indictment against

him: "Socrates is guilty of *crime*, first for not worshipping the Gods whom the city worships, but introducing new Divinities of his own; next for corrupting the youth. The penalty is—death!"

Our surprise is great, not that this charge was urged against him, but that it had not been urged twenty-five or thirty years before. How Socrates *could* have gone on so long, standing in the market place and aggravating everybody by his pertinent queries, which nobody was able to answer, is the true subject of wonder!

There were particular circumstances, (at least, so we have reason to think,) which induced his accusers to prefer their indictment at the actual moment, despite the age of Socrates. In the first place, one of the accusers, Anytus, a prominent politician, seems to have become incensed against him because Socrates had dissuaded his son, a very clever youth, from following his father's trade of a leather-seller. Another circumstance which tended to provoke certain persons against the philosopher was his past connection with Critias and Alcibiades, the latter of whom was especially odious.

The primary accuser of Socrates, Melætus, was a poet, probably one of those mediocre versifiers, who are of all men the most vain and bitter, whilst his coadjutor, Lycon, was a rhetor. Both these classes had been offended by the terrible cross-examining dialectics of Socrates. They were the last men on earth to bear such an exposure with patience.

When the case came before the dicastery, the accusers, by an ingenious use of "partial citations from the philosopher's continual discourses, given without the context—by bold invention, as well as by taking up real error," succeeded in producing a strong array of evidence against him. The attacks of Anytus were particularly vigorous against the vulnerable side of the Socratic theory of ethics, which asserts a *very partial truth* when it declares that "*virtue depends wholly upon knowledge!*" The bearing of Socrates at the trial was, to the last degree, defiant and uncompromising; so much so indeed, that the final verdict of "guilty" must be considered as having been deliberately provoked by the prisoner himself.

The "Platonic Defence" informs us that this verdict was pronounced by a majority of only five or six, amidst a body (the Dicastery) numbering no less than five hundred and fifty-seven members!

"If the verdict of guilty," Grote goes on to say, "was thus brought against Socrates by his own coöperation, much

more may the same remark be made respecting the capital sentence which followed it. In the Athenian procedure, the penalty inflicted was determined by a separate vote of the Dicasts, taken after the verdict of guilty. The accuser having named the penalty which he thought suitable, the accused party named some lighter penalty upon himself; and between these two, the Dicasts were called to make their option. The prudence of an accused party always induced him to propose some measure of punishment which the Dicasts might be satisfied to accept." Now, when the time came for Socrates to make his counter proposition, (Melétus of course still urging the punishment of death,) instead of suggesting such a punishment as fine, imprisonment, exile, &c., &c., he amazes his judges, one and all, by declaring that so far from meriting obloquy and disgrace, it is his conviction that he deserves the very highest honor ever accorded to an Athenian citizen, viz: *subsistence at the public expense in the Prytaneum!*

We must all admire this reply, and the noble independence and sincerity which prompted it, but who, in consideration of all the facts of the case, the position of the Dicasts, the natural popular exasperation against Socrates, and lastly, the philosopher's bearing on the occasion of his trial, can marvel at the conduct of the Athenian judges, or indeed very severely condemn them?

It affords us pleasure to state that a *weekly literary journal*, devoted chiefly to the interests and the intellectual advancement of the South, is about to be published in Columbia, under the Editorial supervision of Mr. Howard H. Caldwell, and Prof. J. Wood Davidson. Both these gentlemen are well and honourably known to the public of our State, and of the South, as poets and essayists. From their acknowledged scholarship and ability, we have good reason to believe that their journal will be a publication of interest and value. We have not yet seen its prospectus, and therefore cannot enter into particulars. Mr. Caldwell and his coadjutor have both contributed to this Magazine; the former having favored us with the admirable papers on Victor Hugo, Beranger, and other French celebrities, whilst Mr. Davidson is generally known as the author of the appreciative essay on Edgar Poe, which appeared in our *second volume*.

We trust that the new enterprise may be abundantly successful.

If there be any proof more convincing than another of the supereminent merit,

and astonishing imaginative vitality of Shakespeare's plays, we think it may be found in the fact, that they have not been crushed out of sight and utterly annihilated by the mountains of commentary, (literally Ossa on Pelion), which have been heaped upon them for three centuries and upwards.

Admirably has the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* expressed our own feelings on the subject:

"Must I for Shakespeare no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by commentating zeal,
On Avon's banks I heard Actæon mourn,
By fell BLACK LETTER DOGS in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
All well broke in by Coney-Catching-Art.
* * * * *

Hot was the chase, I left it out of breath;
I wished not to be in at Shakespeare's death."

America, thank Heaven! has not as yet contributed much to swell the list of Commentaries, and the little she has contributed is really of value. We have before us at this moment the "Shakespeare Scholar" of Richard Grant White, which is partly devoted to a consideration, and we may add a very acute refutation of the so-called amendments of Mr. Collier's famous Folio of 1632.

His remarks upon this folio are succeeded by an examination of the various doubtful passages in all of Shakespeare's dramas, wherein he displays generally much critical subtlety, and poetical appreciation. Generally we say, because at times Mr. White seems to us to make some rather strange blunders. Turning, for example to his comments upon *The Tempest*, we are surprised to encounter this note upon the accompanying passage:

—"*Ferdinand*—My prime request
Which I do last pronounce is, O! you wonder!

If you be maid, or no—;

Miranda—No wonder Sir,
But certainly a maid!"

"It would seem," says Mr. White, "impossible to misunderstand this passage, or perhaps it is better to say, to understand it in more than one sense. *Ferdinand*, struck with *Miranda's* wonderful beauty, asks her as the question in which he is most interested, and just as he would have asked her in any other place if he had no other means of obtaining the momentous information, "tell me you wonderful creature, are you *maid or wife*,"—and she

replies with proper modesty that though she has no claims to be considered "a wonder," she is certainly "a maid." But instead of *this* obvious, and simple signification, we have diverse far-fetched constructions of the passage thrust upon us by various commentators; some supposing that *Ferdinand* means to ask *Miranda* if she were *made* or no, and that *Miranda* replies that "she is not a celestial being, but a maiden." But if she *were* a celestial being on earth, she certainly would be "a wonder," &c. &c."

Now it seems "obvious" to us that *Ferdinand* struck by the appearance of so lovely a creature on a desert island, and—(from his peculiar position at the time—inclined to expect marvels)—*did* mean to ask whether she were a mortal maid or no; her answer, "no wonder,—(that is, no supernatural person!)"—but "a maid" (or in other words, a mortal creature, and a virgin), is just the answer to be expected. *Ferdinand* probably had as little idea of asking directly whether she was "a wife" as of inquiring concerning the texture of her dress. The far-fetchedness of the Commentators, to which Mr. White alludes, appears to have resulted from the singular substitution of "*made*" for the unquestionably right word "*maid*."

There is another passage in the same play, Mr. White's interpretation of which, derived from Dyce and Malone, we will make bold to question. Everybody remembers the splendid lines:

"And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea! all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

Of this passage, Mr. Dyce remarks:

"So this famous passage stands in all editions, old and new. But I believe that Malone's objection to the reading '*a rack*,' is *unanswerable*. No instance, he observes, has yet been produced where '*rack*' is used to signify a *single, small fleeting cloud*; therefore, I hold that '*rack*' is a mis-spelling for *wreck*, i. e. a *wreck*."

"The wonder is," Mr. White proceeds to say, "that another opinion should have been entertained by any reader. The dissolution of towers, palaces, temples, and the globe, might be said, with propriety, not to leave "a wreck" behind, but it would be very strange indeed if it *should* leave a small, fleeting cloud behind; neither does that object furnish

a simile at all appropriate to what would remain after such an all-devouring catastrophe."

Plausible as this seems, we are by no means satisfied that the old interpretation is not correct. It is surely in better keeping with the entire *imagery* of the passage. First, we have the spirits invoked by Prospero, disappearing, melting away, so to speak, like clouds under the sun rays, a gradual process of dissolution from what is comparatively substantial, to the merest film, or "shadow of a shade;" thus, "the globe and all that inherit it" shall *dissolve*, (a most suggestive word,) pointing to a "*a rack*," or thin, fading vapor, and not to "*a wreck*," which suggests something too solid and tangible to be in keeping with the rest of these superbly ideal lines. But, says Mr. White, "*that object* ('*A RACK*') *does not furnish a simile at all appropriate to what would remain after such an all-devouring catastrophe!*" Indeed! And what, we inquire, would and *must* remain after a devouring conflagration but a thin wreath or vapor of *smoke*, which, resembling a cloud or misty exhalation, may, with perfect propriety, be termed "*a rack*!"

From the *N. Y. Historical Magazine* for February last, we extract the following curious and entertaining letter, describing the presidential mansion and the social life of Washington city somewhat more than half a century ago. The communication was addressed to a lady by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, at that period a member of the Senate of the United States from the State of New York. It is well worthy of perusal and preservation:

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1807.

* * * The greatest exhibition in Washington is the levee of Mr. Jefferson on New Year's day. A large number of fashionable and respectable people here make it a point to visit the President on the 1st of January, and that gentleman is always civil enough to be at home and receive them. It is the only great levee-day at our court. On this occasion, the company assembles voluntarily and without invitation.

Among the personages present, I observed the King and Queen of the Mandas, a tribe of Indians living about sixteen hundred miles up the Missouri river. His Majesty was dressed in a sort of regimental coat, given him by the Government since his arrival, and Her Majesty, wrapped in a blanket, sat on one of the sofas in the great audience chamber, and received the visits of the ladies and people of quality; when I had the honor of being introduced, she did

not rise, nor did she quit her seat during any part of the ceremony. Another person of distinction was the French Minister. This great military character is distinguished by the uncommon size of his whiskers, which cover the greater part of his cheeks, and also by the profusion of lace covering his full dress coat. The British Minister and lady were there; they have lately succeeded Mr. and Mrs. Merry, and being newly arrived they attracted a good deal of notice, particularly the lady, who is a pretty Philadelphian.

The greater part of the Senators were there, and the few whose wives were in town brought them hither to partake of this great exhibition. So were present the principal heads of the Executive departments, with their help-mates. They came forth on this grand occasion to pay the homage of their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The members of the House of Representatives, the respectable resident inhabitants, the officers of the army and navy, the strangers of consideration who happened to be in the city, and the Osage Indians, men and women, little and big, crowded into the President's house to share in the festivities of the morning.

The day was very favorable, and the assembly brilliant, as you may suppose. Great mirth and humor prevailed, and you may easily conceive wherefore, when it is computed that, besides the smiles, cordiality and welcome which the company received from their generous entertainer, they consumed for him a quarter cask of wine, a barrel of punch and a hundred weight of cake, beside other nick-nacks to a considerable amount. While the refreshments were passing around and the company were helping themselves, a band of music entertained them with martial and enlivening airs. Before the hour of dinner, the assemblage of people dispersed, well pleased with their manner of spending the morning, and in high hope that Mr. Jefferson might long continue in the Presidential chair. The ladies in particular were charmed with his handsome way of doing things.

The dancing assemblies are conducted very much as they have been for several years. Minuets are quite out of fashion, but contre dances and cotillions are as much in vogue as ever. The ball opens with the former, and after a few sets the dancers generally enter upon the cotillion. The ladies, generally speaking, dress in gay colors, and with a greater display of finery than our New Yorkers; they therefore appear to advantage on the floor. I think the rooms this year contain a greater proportion of beauty, but the belles are less numerous than

heretofore. Still, as you know, the scarcity of the commodity makes it the more dear and valuable. Private parties are frequent. I have told you before that there is a great deal of high life in Washington; there are a number of families here who delight in gay, fashionable displays; the succession of these renders the place agreeable enough for polite strangers of all sorts, and particularly for ladies. A woman of quality, who is fond of ricketing and carousing, need be at no loss of occupation in Washington during the session of Congress.

At these gatherings the individuals assembled amuse themselves in the customary way. Tea and coffee, cakes, fruits, lemonade and wines and other refreshments are offered. Talking parties, loo parties, music and dancing parties, are formed in the several chambers thrown open on the occasion, according to the humor of the guests, and other circumstances. Many of the ladies refuse to gamble, but with others, cards are almost the necessities of life, and some of the fair creatures have acquired remarkable skill in their use. Pockets are not yet restored to their places, while reticules and bags are quite in disuse. The nudity of dress which has prevailed for the several past years is still in fashion, and the shape appears through the transparencies as plain as ever.

The President of the Senate is much more indulgent to the ladies than his predecessor was. Col. Burr excluded them from the fires and floor where the Senators sit, and confined them to the gallery, but Clinton admits them to the places they before occupied in the lobby. The consequence is, that the presiding officer, who is a man of gallant spirit and feeling, has the fair full in his eye and enlivens himself with the prospect during a tedious debate. The Senators, too, can now and then leave their scarlet arm-chairs, and relieve their weary limbs while they saunter about the lobby, and pay their adorations to the sovereigns of the land.

According to the *New York Times*, the unfortunate man who was recently shot in Washington City, Philip Barton Key, inherited a portion of his father's poetical ability, as the following translation of a Spanish song will prove.

This lyric possesses a very mournful interest, and is, on another obvious account, an interesting and curious production:

"One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of that mighty river,

Beside me, on the bank, was seated
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have
cheated—

A bright, wild, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the lovely sun was going,
With such a small, white, shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver
flowing.

Her words were three, and not one
more;

What could Diana's motto be;

The syren wrote upon the shore:

"Death, no inconstancy."

And then she turned her languid eyes
So full on mine that, Devil take me!

I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make
me.

St. Francis might have been deceived

With such an eye and such a hand;

Yet one week more and I believed

As much the woman as the sand.

We have before alluded, in this Magazine, to "*Owen Meredith*," the *nom de plume* of young Edward Bulwer Lytton, the son of the great English novelist, who has just completed, in "*Blackwood*," one of the finest tales ever contributed to that brilliant and classical monthly. Young Lytton (who is certainly *not* more than twenty-five years of age,) has published two remarkable volumes of poetry, from the last of which we extract this strange but (*in parts*) very musical and suggestive piece:

WARNINGS.

Beware, beware of witchery!

And fall not in the snare

That lurks and lies in wanton eyes,

Or hides in golden hair:

For the Witch has sworn to catch thee,

And her spells are on the air.

"Thou art fair, fair, fatal fair,

O, Irene!"

What is it, what is it,

In the whisper of the leaves?

In the night-wind, when its bosom,

With the shower in it, grieves?

In the breaking of the breaker,

As it breaks upon the beach

Thro' the silence of the night?

Cordelia! Cordelia!

A warning in my ear—

"Not here! not here! not here!

But seek her yet, and seek her,

Seek her ever out of reach,
Out of reach, and out of sight!"

Cordelia!

Eyes on mine when none can view me!

And a magic murmur thro' me!

And a presence out of Fairyland,

Invisible, yet near!

Cordelia!

"In a time which hath not been:

In a land thou hast not seen:

Thou shalt find her, but not now:

Thou shalt meet her but not here:"

Cordelia! Cordelia!

"In the falling of the snow:

In the fading of the year:

When the light of hope is low,

And the last red leaf is sere."

Cordelia!

And my senses lie asleep, fast asleep,
O, Irene!

In the chambers of this Sorceress, the
South,

In a slumber dim and deep,

She is seeking yet to keep,

Brim-full of poison'd perfumes,

The shut blossom of my youth.

O fatal, fatal fair Irene!

But the whispering of the leaves,
And the night-wind, when it grieves,

And the breaking of the breaker,

As it breaks upon the beach,

Thro' the silence of the night,

Cordelia!

Whisper ever in my ear

Not here! not here! not here!

But awake, O wanderer! seek her,

Even seek her out of reach.

Out of reach, and out of sight!"

Cordelia!

There is a star above me

Unlike all the millions round it.

There is a heart to love me,

Altho' not yet I've found it.

And awhile,

O, Cordelia, Cordelia!

A light and careless singer,

In the subtle South I linger,

While the blue is on the mountain,

And the bloom is on the peach,

And the fire-fly on the night,

Cordelia!

But my course is ever northward,

And a whisper whispers "For-
ward!"

Arise, O wanderer, seek her,

Seek her ever out of reach,

Out of reach, and out of sight!

Cordelia!

Out of sight,

Cordelia! Cordelia!

Out of reach, out of sight!

Cordelia!

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Pleasures of Piety, and other Poems.
By Richard Furman. S. G. Courtney & Co: Broad street. 1859.

This admirably printed volume of poems, written by a clergyman of Greenville, S. C., who is connected with one of our most honourable southern families, commends itself to our particular attention, as the work of a Carolina mind, handsomely issued by Carolina publishers. These reasons make it proper for us to review it at greater length than the character of the volume might otherwise justify us in doing. We shall advance no opinion of the poems, unsustained by illustration; nor shall we permit ourselves, because the work is the performance of a native of our own State, to speak of it in any other terms than its merits or demerits as a production of Art seem to us to demand.

The first, and most elaborate poem, entitled the "Pleasures of Piety," is chiefly composed in the heroic measure—not the heroic measure of the Elizabethan writers, nor of Keats, and Hunt, and Tennyson, in the present century, but in that measure as interpreted by Pope and his contemporaries.

The difference will at once suggest itself to every English scholar; but, in order to show how wonderfully a metre the same in the number of feet may be made to vary in its musical effects by a particular disposition of the Cæsura and secondary stops, we select the following passages, the first from Pope's "Messiah," and the second from Keats' piece, called "Sleep and Poetry."

"From Jesse's root behold a branch
arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills
the skies,
Th' Etherial spirit o'er its leaves shall
move,
And on its top descends the mystic
Dove:
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar
pour,
And in soft silence shed the kingly
shower!

The sick and weak the healing plant
shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a
shade:
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
shall fail:
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-
tend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heav-
en descend!"

* * * * *
"Could all this be forgotten? Yet a
schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism
Made great Apollo blush for this, his
land.
Men were thought wise who could not
understand
His glories—with a pulling infant's force
They swayed about upon a rocking
horse,
And deemed it Pegasus! Ah! dismal-
souled!
The winds of Heaven blew, the Ocean
rolled
Its gathering waves—ye felt it not—the
blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of Summer night collected still to make
The Morning precious: *Beauty* was
awake!
Why were ye not awake? But ye were
dead
To things ye knew not of—were closely
wed
To musty laws, lined out with wretched
rule,
And compass vile; so that ye taught a
school
Of dolts, to smooth, inlay, and clip, and
fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's
wit,
Their verses tallied,—&c. &c.

The reader can hardly fail to perceive that in this latter mode of employing the heroic metre, much of the variety and force of blank verse is gained, whilst, in its regular recurrence, the rhyme loses not its sweetness, but—its monotony. Obviously, the manner exemplified in the quotation from "Endymion" is infi-

nitely more difficult of management than the usual manner of Pope and his school. Either owing to a conviction of this fact, and a modest distrust of his powers incident thereto, or, more probably, because he does *not* believe in the superiority of the modes referred to, Mr. Furman has chosen the Pope style of versification, and it is now our duty to examine how far he has succeeded in *that*.

"The Pleasures of Piety" opens in the following strain:

"While some to Helicon's fair summit
soar,
Imagination's Pleasures to explore;
While others, in the charms of classic
verse,
The pleasant dreams of Memory re-
hearse,
Or paint Hope's magic visions that arise
Like stars to gild Life's darkly-lowering
skies:—
In humbler strains of Piety I sing."

The Muse of Zion is then invoked in fifteen or twenty sonorous lines, after which Piety is gracefully apostrophised thus:

"Thy charms, blest Piety, not often sung,
Call for the softness of an Angel's tongue,
The dialect of earth can ne'er portray
The joys that strew thy heaven-aspiring
way
While Memory recalls the smiles and
tears,
The joys and sorrows of departed years;
*While pleasures short-lived as the meteor's
beams,*
*Are flitting through Imagination's
dreams;*
While Hope, high-poised on her delu-
sive wings,
A bright enchantment round the future
flings—
Calm contemplation in thy bosom reigns,
And points the way to Truth's ethereal
plains.
With thee dwell charity, and peace of
mind,
By heavenly converse strengthened and
refined;
Thine is a rest from passion, pride and
strife,
A calm, unruffled by the surging waves
of life.

We have italicised one of these couplets, because it appears to us that the idea of "Imagination" there sought to be conveyed, is untrue. Not in the extremest latitude of metaphorical license, not by any law of comparison, nor rule of reason, is the author justified in speaking of the "pleasures" of Imagination as "*flitting dreams, short-lived as the beams of the meteor.*" Imagination is a divine creative Power, and its "pleasures,"

like its products, are among the few solid and real delights of man on earth; it is *more* than this: "Imagination," as one of the deep thinkers of our age expresses it, "*is also a power of the heart,*" with quite as much moral and spiritual as intellectual vitality in it.

Surely, "Piety," or the sacred union of the soul with God, resulting in practical Christianity here, and eternal salvation hereafter needs no exaltation of its dignity and awfulness at the expense, or through the depreciation of the imaginative faculty. The sense in which Mr. Furman employs the word is as narrow as it is erroneous; and, altogether, it would seem, conformed to certain popular misapprehensions in regard to its proper signification. True, the term has been so used, or *misused* rather, a thousand times before, and that, too, by writers of distinction; but the attention recently bestowed upon psychological questions, and the philosophy of the Mind, and its operations, especially by Coleridge, and others like him, have rendered an adherence to the old vague generalities, on such a topic as the imagination, and its functions, wholly untenable.

Having referred, as we have shown, to Memory, Imagination and Hope, our author sings the "Sacred Pleasures of Piety," as exemplified in "the primeval innocence of man." What follows is a fair specimen of his powers of fancy and description:

"Near to the throne there was a spot
of fame,
For Bliss, ere yet the cursed serpent
came;
A garden fair, a place of God beloved,
In which celestial spirits often moved,
Inhaled ambrosial odours from the grove,
And lingering long, discoursed on heav-
enly love.
A crystal stream of living waters wound
Its way through Eden's consecrated
ground,
From its green banks umbrageous trees
arose,
Bearing perennial fruits, and from whose
boughs
The feathered minstrels of the grove
carolled
Their lays of joy—displaying plumes of
gold;
While breezes procreant with their dul-
cet strains
Conveyed soft music o'er the ethereal
plains.
No sickly fens nor noxious winds were
there
Diffusing breath of poison through the
air;
Dim Twilight ne'er prevailed, there was
no Night,
A Sun celestial gave the garden light;

That Sun whose rays in ceaseless splendour sent,
Illumed and blessed the wide-spread firmament—
Dispelled the mists that rose from earth,
and poured
On all around the glory of the Lord."

If, in the opening portions of this Poem, the mind immediately reverts to Campbell, Akenside, and Rogers, the comparison, (instinctively, and by a necessity of association,) called out by the preceding passages, is further sustained. Beside Mr. Furman's picture of

"A garden fair, a place of God beloved,"

Milton's picture of the garden rises, and

"Beneath us, with new wonder now we view

To all delights of human sense exposed,
In narrow room—Nature's whole wealth,
and more,

A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise

Of God the garden was, by Him i' th' East
Of Eden planted—" &c.

Again, instead of

"Inhaling ambrosial odours from the grove,"

and perceiving that,

"From its green banks umbrageous trees arose,

Bearing perennial fruits, and from whose boughs

The feathered minstrels of the grove *carolled* (?)

Their lays of joy," &c.

We have

"Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow

All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste;

And all amid them stood the tree of life, *High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit*
Of vegetable gold," &c.

Again, instead of the exceedingly *pretty* lines

"A crystal stream of living waters wound

Its way through Eden's consecrated ground,"

We have this magnificent description rolling on the ear of the fancy like the swell of many waters,

"*Southward through Eden went a River large,*

Nor changed its course, but through the shaggy hill,

Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had throw'n

That mountain as his garden-mould high raised,

Upon the rapid current, which through veins

Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn

Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill,

Watered the garden; thence united fell Down the steep glade, and met the

nether flood,

Which, from his darksome passage now appears,

And now divided into four main streams Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm

And country," &c.

* * * * *

"How, from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks

Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold
With mazy errorr under pendant shades
Ran nectar!" &c.

Mr. Furman having finished with Adam and Eve, the Garden of Eden, and "primeval innocence," descends to the

"Pleasures of Christian Piety, beginning with repentance,—pleasures which

"largely accompany"—as he shows—"the exercise of faith."

At this point, he presents us with a pleasing description of the "home and pursuits of the pious peasant!"

"In yonder copse, secluded from mankind,

To Heaven's appointments patiently resign'd;

A stranger to inconstant fortune's spells, The pious peasant of the valley dwells:

His home a cottage neat embowered in green,

Commands the soft enchantment of the scene,

A limpid lake sleeps near, fed by a rill, That pours its murmurs from a neighbouring hill.

In distance dim, gigantic mountains rise, And lose their verdant summits in the

skies,

While fragrance fresh, such as Arcadia yields

In every zephyr breathes along the fields;

The swain, unoccupied with common cares,

Calmly descends the deepening vale of years.

The dear companion of his lonely hours Bestrews his path with love's unfading

flowers,

While a young circle, innocent and fair, Reflect the virtues of the honest pair.

No hopes of glory agitate his breast, No thoughts of wealth disturb his hours

of rest.

The day in meditative toil he spends, And when the sable reign of night descends,

Revives his frame, till morning's earliest
beams,
In placid slumbers, and in pleasing
dreams.
When Lucifer's bright rays the East
adorn,
Precursive of the rosy-footed morn,
The shepherd, with his dog and crook,
and shell,
Drives forth his flock to browse upon
the dell;
And oft awakes, with love-enkindling
strains,
The plaintive sighs of mountains, groves
and plains,
On earth beneath, and in the spheres
above,
He sees the works of wisdom, power,
and love;
Surveys with holy gratitude the plan
Devised by grace to rescue fallen man—
And as his lowing flocks he patient leads
Beside cool waters and in verdant meads,
Bethinks him of that Shepherd's care
who gave
His precious life the wandering sheep to
save;
And, in Faith's raptured eye, before him
rise
The living streams and pastures of the
skies.

There is no part of the poem superior to this, which is a musical, fanciful, and tender picture. We do not think it necessary, therefore, to give any more quotations, or to proceed with our analysis, but shall content ourselves with presenting the Argument of the remainder of the first part in the author's own words:

"The Pleasures which spring from Obedience, illustrated in the baptism of a young convert; the mournful pleasure which attends the observance of the Lord's Supper; the Pleasures of Social Worship; description of a Prayer Meeting, which suggests an allusion to a departed Christian friend.

"The Pleasures which are found in the Labours of Piety, illustrated in the case of the pious mother; allusion to the mother of Doddridge; the faithful Pastor; Piety enlarges the heart, and urges to an increased energy in the labours of Philanthropy; John Howard; the Missionary; allusion to Judson."

In examining the miscellaneous poems of Mr. Furman, we find much that is worthy of unstinted commendation. His lines on the death of Calhoun, and several of his translations from the Latin and Italian, are vigorous, suggestive, and in every respect superior to his more elaborate, and ambitious effort.

Mr. Furman's translations are, as we have said, better than the majority of

his original compositions. The "*Dis Irae*" is rendered by him with great vigor and spirit. It is not too much to say that few, if any, English versions of this famous mediæval hymn (and its translation has been attempted by some poets of distinction,) are as terse, forceable, and harmonious as the version before us. If we have been compelled, in the discharge of our duty, as conscientious critics, to speak somewhat moderately of Mr. Furman's original genius, it only affords us the greater pleasure to refer with unqualified praise to his powers as a translator. These powers are exhibited with equal success in his version of the horrible, but still fascinating story of *Count Ugolino*, from the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. In fact, so marked is the author's genius in this particular line, that we would respectfully counsel him to cultivate the talent more liberally hereafter.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his son, Blanchard Jerrold, Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

This is an animated, picturesque and affectionate biography of one of the most notable literary men of the present century. We have read it from first to last with intense and unflagging interest—for it records the *sayings* of a true wit, the *actions* of a true gentleman, and the nature and success of the creations of an unmistakable original genius. Jerrold's origin, socially considered, was not particularly illustrious. He was the son of a second rate, or, to tell the truth, a fourth or fifth rate actor, Mr. Saml. Jerrold, who had the temerity to espouse a girl more than a quarter of a century his junior. The father seems to have been distinguished chiefly as the happy proprietor of a pair of Garrick's shoes, which he made himself ridiculous by exhibiting continually, not only on the stage, but everywhere else. Through the instrumentality of his wife (an energetic and pains-taking woman,) he became the manager of a minor theatre at Sheerness. Young Douglas was here committed to the joint care of his *grand-mother* and an actor by the name of Wilkinson, "who was hired to teach him reading and writing when off duty at the theatre." We are told that during the theatrical performances, (his grand mother being compelled to attend to the duties of door keeper,) the boy was locked up in his room. This apartment commanded a view of the harbour, and the British fleet anchored there. Contemplating the latter, the spirit of the young Jerrold burned within him. He determined to become a sailor. Accordingly, we find him at the age of ten,

enrolled as a midshipman on board his Majesty's guard-ship "the *Namur*," acquiring that species of knowledge which contributed to the success of "Black-eyed Susan," and his sea pieces, and dramas generally.

"His two years of naval service," says his Biographer, "showed him more of the horrors of war than its glories. After the battle of Waterloo, his ship was employed to bring home some of the wounded soldiers; and, while all England was rejoicing over the victory, and deifying its hero, Jerrold was looking at raw stumps and festering wounds, and listening to the groans and curses of the poor invalids, as they bound their sores upon the deck. The youthful middy appears only to have fallen into disgrace on one occasion. He had gone ashore with the captain, and was left in command of the gig. Two of the sailors asked permission to make some trifling purchase. Jerrold kindly gave permission, adding, "by the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears." They departed; but, to the dismay of the young officer, did not return. Years after, when Jerrold was one day strolling through the streets of London, he saw a man with a load of bread on his back looking in at a shop window. He recognised him instantly as one of the delinquents. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and, rapping him sharply upon the back, said:

"I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?"

The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said:

"Lor," is that your, sir?"

The midshipman went on his way, laughing.

But with Waterloo came peace; the ship's company was paid off, the late busy seaport town of Sheerness was depopulated, the theatre failed, and the old manager, with his young wife and family, went to London to live on the pittance which Mrs. Jerrold could procure from theatrical employment. The young midshipman "exchanged his dirk for a composing-stick." He was bound apprentice in a printing office, where he worked twelve hours a day; but found time, by rising before daylight, for "composing" thoughts, as well as types, which he sent to the sixpenny magazines. His sisters remember the boisterous delight with which he would occasionally bound into the house, with a little publication in his hand, shouting, "it's in, it's in!" These early efforts were in verse; but he wrote farces also,

which he sent to the minor theatres, to lie unopened in the manager's cupboard. It is rather singular that he owed the first performance of one of his dramatic pieces to the actor who taught him his A B C. Wilkinson made it a condition of an engagement at Sadler's Wells Theatre, that a farce, written by a boy of fifteen, should be produced on the first night of his appearance. It was highly successful; was translated and acted upon the French stage; and Mr. Wilkinson's *protégé* was, ere long, "engaged, at a salary of a few pounds weekly, to write pieces, dramas, farces and dramatic squibs for Mr. Davidge, late harlequin, and then manager of the Coburg Theatre."

The biographer traces Jerrold's career from these unlicensed theatres to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. His reputation rapidly increased, but not so rapidly as to place himself beyond the reach of managerial impertinence. Elliston, for example, after reaping a golden harvest from one of the author's most popular efforts, had the cool impertinence to remark: "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to *present you with a bit of plate?*"—the "dear boy" having received for a piece which was played *four hundred times*, at diverse theatres, *exactly the sum which Cooke obtained for acting it six nights*. Jerrold would not submit to the infamous injustice. On the contrary, he "repaid ingratitude with epigrams," and soon after abandoned the theatre for journalism. His success in his new profession is universally known and appreciated. He was, in the first instance, the life and soul of "Punch;" subsequently, he edited the London "Illuminated Magazine," wherein "The Chronicles of Clovernook," and the no less entertaining "Chronicles of Goosequill" were published. Upon the wrecks of this work, "Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine" arose, which, owing chiefly to the editor's vigorous tales, especially the novels of "St. Giles and St. James," achieved a great success. "Some parts of this work," he says in the preface to one of the latest editions, "have been called 'bitter'; indeed, 'bitter' has, I think, been a little too often the ready word, when certain critics have condescended to bend their eyes upon my pages; so ready that were my ink redolent of myrrh and frankincense, I well know the sort of ready-made criticism which would cry with a denouncing shiver, 'aloes! aloes!'"

"Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper (appearing first in the summer of 1846,) supplanted the 'Shilling Magazine.'" This, too, was, for a time, a "great success." Its editor—now an acknowledged literary power in the State—knew how

to clothe in the trappings of elegant wit and fancy that Radicalism which, in its naked proportions, would have proved, perhaps, disgusting. Besides his sparkling fictions, Douglas Jerrold contributed to the new paper admirable "leaders" on the Liberal side, wherein he "wielded the hammer with a heavy hand, for the smith was in downright earnest."

But we cannot follow his newspaper career, nor, indeed, his career in any respect, further. Everybody knows Jerrold as a writer, and esteems him as a man.

We would only, in conclusion, reiterate our praise of this Life, which (although a little too minute, and somewhat too *apologetic* in its tone, occasionally,) fulfils most of the conditions of a faithful, just and appreciative Biography.

The English *Reviews and Magazines* have lately been distinguished by an originality, vigour, and brilliancy of tone, and matter, which carries the reader back to the first palmy days of British periodical literature.

Here, for example, is the January number of the *London Quarterly*, which contains at least two articles worthy of the genius of an Alison, or a Macaulay: one, on the Writings of Shakspeare and the other, on the life and works of Samuel Johnson. The latter essay is particularly able and satisfactory, not merely as a truthful and acute estimate of Johnson's intellectual faculties, but also as the best *resumé* we know of the manifold events of his long and interesting career, both as a man and author.

Not at all behind the *London Quarterly* in the force and ability of its articles is the last number of the English organ of Liberalism, the *Westminster*. The review of *Carlyle's History of Frederick the Second*, is evidently the production, and of a most learned and discriminating critic; whilst the fourth paper, that on "*Chloroform and Other Anæsthetics*," commends itself both by the inherent interest of the topic, and the lucid mode of its discussion, to the large class of scientific readers.

And next, comes *Blackwood*, which also treats of the historical and philosophical claims of Carlyle, in the usual hale, independent manner of "Old Ebony," giving to that Annalist his due, but at the same time entering a caveat against the various heresies of his style and his opinions. The article thus commences:

"No one of Mr. Carlyle's disciples, we should think, ever became a Carlylist at once. The singularity of style at first puzzles or rebels—the persevering reader then finds some suggestive idea which leads him on—till finally the

obscurity clears up, the images and ideas shine through, and, in the natural revulsion of opinion which ensues, what was at first distasteful, grows to be admirable, and the dubious student, no longer perplexed by the cipher of which he flatters himself he has discovered the key, becomes the uncompromising champion.

But a great number of readers turn back on the threshold, repelled by the startling aspect of that singular phraseology. To them he is merely affected and obscure—even if they have gone far enough to disentangle a leading idea, they perhaps recognise it as a truism in masquerade, and set him down as a charlatan. His writing appears to them to be, as Sir Hugh Evans says, "pibles and prables—it is affectations."

Between these two classes, the knights who see only the golden side of the shield, and the knights opposite, who are blind to all but the brass, we should like to strike some sort of balance of opinion, and find behind the oscillations a firm stand-point, from whence to survey the History of Frederick—a History marked in its outward aspect by all the strongest peculiarities of the writer.

At the root of all Carlyle's works lies a main idea in a particular aspect. The idea, he tells us, he derived from the transcendental philosophy, as expounded by Fichte: it is this—

"That all things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance: that under all these lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the 'Divine Idea of the world;' this is the Reality which lies at the bottom of all Appearance. To the mass of men no such Divine Idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicabilities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is any thing divine under them."—*Hero Worship*.

As the idea of music may exist independent of sound, yet, to be communicable, demands some voice or instrument, so all earthly things are as the tones of music, or under another figure, Vestures, making manifest to our faculties the underlying idea. So what we call rationally Society, is to the transcendentalist the embodied idea of a communion of spirits upon earth. This idea of society is a complex one; two of its principal components are Religion and Polity—and of these and their different vestures or manifestations in Church and State, our transcendentalist principally treats.

This being the root idea, we have said it always presents itself to him in a par-

ticular aspect, which he has expounded in his *Sartor Resartus*. It appears to him that the last suit of clothes with which the world was invested, is worn out. In Church and State, and all Society, he sees only looped and windowed raggedness. All the institutions in which the moral necessities of man are embodied, are in decay and ruin—even as the world's former wardrobes of paganism, and monkery, and chivalry, exist only in museums. The world is out at elbows, and the time is out of joint; and Mr. Carlyle, not without sad appreciation of the cursed spite which dwells in the circumstance, believes that he was born to set it right.

He tells us himself that the main thing to inquire about in every man, is the significance which the idea of the world bears for him. Now we see that the idea with which Mr. Carlyle's earthly habitation impresses him, is a very melancholy one—every where dust, rags, shabbiness, mildew, and cobwebs, inhabited by monstrous spiders. The most cheerful nature once fully possessed with this imagination, and habituated to look on this scene of moral desolation, must inevitably catch a sympathetically mournful, if not dreary hue: the brightest lake overhung by such a sky must be dark and dismal. Hence the picture conveyed to the reader, with more or less of a kind of forcible vagueness in all his works, is that of—This Planet in Tatters and Mr. Carlyle weeping over it. Such a doctrine, "Woe to thee, O Planet!" can, if conveyed in a prophetic tone, appear only as a Jeremiad.

But there is still, we learn, a hope for the world in its mendicancy. It may yet be extricated from Rag Fair and Holywell street, and become presentable in the best society. Tailors capable of taking its measure and fitting it with comfortable and convenient vestments have existed ere now, and may appear again. The great thing will be to know these master-tailors when we see them, and to distinguish them from mere pretentious snips. Therefore Mr. Carlyle, after the exposition of his Clothes—(or rather old clothes)—Philosophy, publishes his idea of who these people were in time past, so that in selecting our tailors hereafter we may be able to discriminate Stultz from Moses and Son.

Poems and Translations from the German of Goethe, Schiller, Chamisso, Uhland, Rückert, Heine, Platen, &c. By Chas. R. Lambert. London: Whittaker & Co.

This volume possesses a peculiar interest, as the work of one who seems to

have gone to literature as a solace for the severest of human afflictions—incurable blindness. With a propriety and modesty truly touching, the author, in his preface, speaks of the circumstances under which the work was begun and prosecuted, and clearly defines his purpose in preparing it: "With many of the poems," he says, "contained in the following pages, the English public have long been rendered familiar through the labours of translators no less distinguished by profound erudition than by poetical talents of the highest order. But though the field has been already so often and so ably pre-occupied, I am induced to hope that the present volume may not prove altogether unacceptable to the lovers of German poetry. This hope arises from no arrogant notion of having succeeded better than my predecessors, but results entirely from the following considerations. No translation can present a perfect reflection of its original; the most successful efforts are but approximations to complete fidelity, nearer or more remote, according as the idiosyncracies of the translator's mind correspond with those of his author's, and the genius of the language in which he writes agrees with that of the language from which he translates. If this view of the subject be correct, genius being million-sided, the works of a great poet may be translated again and again, and by every new attempt, *something in them be brought out which no preceding one has unfolded.*"

This is a just and sensible view of the matter, the perfect truth of which is illustrated by many of the author's own translations. Where, for example, can we find a more appreciative and faithful translation of Schiller's exquisite little poem on *Hope* than the following?

HOPE.

I.

"Man ever talks and man ever dreams
Of better days that are yet to be,
After glittering goal that distant gleams
Running and racing untiringly;
The world may grow old and young as
it will,
But the Hope of man is Improvement
still.

II.

Hope bears him into life in her arms,
She flutters around the boy's young
bloom,
The soul of youth with her magic warms,
Nor rests with age in the silent tomb;
For man ends his weary course at the
grave,
There plants he Hope o'er his ashes to
wave.

III.

And oh! 'tis no vain, delusive show,
 No birth in the fool's dull brain begot;
 In the heart it speaks, that all may know
 We're born the heirs of a grander lot;
 And what whispers that inward voice,
 Believe,
 For the hoping soul it will not deceive."

There are some graceful original poems at the end of the volume, from which we select this excellent

SONNET.

"O! Memory! though thy faithful tablet bears
 The blot of many sorrows, not for these
 To Lethe's waters would I fly for ease
 From the sharp sting of sad remember'd cares;
 And what if retrospective fancy sees
 On the dark aspect which my past life wears,
 But few bright spots, so pleasant and so fair
 Are these to me, that were there only
 one
 On thy recording page, for that one's sake
 The rest of thy black catalogue were dear;
 For beats the human heart that hath not known
 Sweet moments that a rich atonement make
 For years of still accumulating sorrow,
 Bright hours from which dark ages light may borrow."

Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee, author of "Kathie Brande," "Gilbert Messenger," "Thorney Hall," &c. &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We are not familiar with the former works of Holme Lee (evidently it seems to us a *nom de plume*),—but after an attentive, and interested perusal of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," we do not hesitate to say, that he is a writer of great and original power. The picture of the heroine in his last novel, is a portrait worthy of the genius of some of the acknowledged masters of modern English fiction, uniting keen discrimination with a fertile and richly creative imagination. There is *one* scene fairly illustrative of our author's powers, and in itself, full of dramatic force and feeling, which we will quote as amply sustaining our favourable judgment of the tale.

Margaret (the heroine), after having grown up in ignorance of her maternal parent (whom she supposes *dead*), is suddenly, through the imprudence of the vulgar Post Mistress of the village,

in the neighbourhood of which she resides, made aware of certain reports concerning her mother, which she appeals to an old friend, Mrs. Joan Clervaux, to explain. Is not the scene that ensues, a vigorous, natural, and spirited one?

"Margaret was so struck, so paralysed by the shock of this wholly unexpected intelligence and the manner of its communication, that she stood for a considerable time beating with her foot upon the ground, but quite silent, while Tibbie Ryder waited her departure, wishing herself well out of the dilemma into which her talkative, gossiping, prying tricks had led her. At length, without again speaking, Margaret turned away and walked slowly towards Oakfield—all the previous conversation of the morning quite obliterated by the event she had just learnt. Mrs. Joan Clervaux was still busy amongst her plants in the greenhouse when Margaret appeared before her, but at a glance the old lady saw that something was greatly amiss with her favourite, and hastily dropping her scissors and gardening gloves, she took her by the hand, and brought her in-doors.

Margaret would not sit down, but leaning against the side of the window opposite to Mrs. Joan's couch, she began by asking—

"Mrs. Joan, do you know anything of my mother?" The poor girl's lips quivered, and her frank beautiful eyes were downcast with shame and pain. Mrs. Joan looked away from her, much troubled, but she did not immediately answer. "Whatever you know tell me," persisted Margaret, bending her head down, as if she were cowering from a blow. Still Mrs. Joan was silent. "Why don't you speak? Oh, tell me, do tell me about her, if you know!" implored the stricken girl passionately.

"My dear love, I do know, but you have been a happy child in your ignorance; don't begin to crave already for sorrowful wisdom."

"Tibbie Ryder opened a letter to my father and read it: she just now betrayed herself by telling me that it brought intelligence of my mother's death; and summoned him to her burial. I want to know why I have been suffered to believe she died when I was a baby, while she has been living abroad, and is but a few weeks since dead? Why was she not with us at Wildwood?"

"Margaret, you are so ignorant of the world that I can scarcely bear to tell you the sad, miserable history! She did die to you, Gipsy, when you were a little baby, for she abandoned you." Mrs. Joan paused, and the scarlet flew into Margaret's face; there was so much

uprightness and pride in her character, that to have learnt her mother's name was a dishonor stung her to the quick. She put up her hand to cover her eyes, and said in a low, hoarse voice—

"Go on, tell me everything—was she so wicked?"

"She was very sinful and guilty. Yes, Gipsy, if I speak at all I must speak plainly—she was very guilty. I dare not excuse her to spare you, lest I should seem to put wrong for right, and she was without excuse. But her punishment overtook her soon, and it has been very long and very sore."

"And did my father love her?"

"Oh! Margaret, the life he has led since she disgraced him may tell you how he loved her! I believe it has been one weary passage of longing and remorse, for he has never felt himself clear towards her. He ought never to have married her."

"Tell me all that, too. How was it?"

"It is strange to speak to you, Gipsy, of these things," replied Mrs. Joan, uttering every word with visible reluctance. "It would be happier to keep your ignorance, dear love. Give me leave to be silent—if you bid me speak, I must speak so harshly."

"Tell me all the truth; I know the worst already, but I want explanation," replied Margaret, impetuously.

"Oh! child, child! it can give you nothing but pain; it is so utterly sad, so utterly hopeless!"

"Well, speak! I cannot breathe till you have told me all; do speak, in pity; nothing can be worse than this cruel silence!"

"Then let me be brief, Gipsy; though to make it clear to you, I must begin from the first germ of evil." She paused a moment, as if collecting her strength for the task, and then proceeded in a low, hurried voice: "Your mother's affections were already engaged when your father met her, but her family was ambitious that she should make a wealthy marriage, and she was weak and foolish enough to imagine that luxury would compensate her for the absence of love; so she yielded to her friends' importunities; and, discarding her cousin, to whom she was attached, married Sylvan Holt, whom she positively hated. You shudder, Margaret; but oh! it was true, she has confessed it since with floods of unavailing tears. She was then, a very beautiful, very lovely, fascinating woman, wedded to pleasure and every worldly frivolity, and for a time the scope her husband's indulgence gave to her extravagance supplied the vacuum in her mind left by the loss of her betrayed love. You were born, and for a few months she

was induced to live at Brightebank in a pleasant retirement, but this soon became wearisome to her. She desired to go to Paris, and your father, for the first time, thwarted her; he had discovered, with bitterness, that he had no share in his wife's heart, and he began to fear both for her and for himself. Sylvan Holt was a terrible man to offend; you may judge, Margaret, how violent would be his hatred to one whom he suspected, and he suspected his unhappy wife's cousin of still pursuing her."

Mrs. Joan paused, as if from sheer inability to proceed; Margaret had never stirred or uncovered her face, only now and then she drew a long gasping breath, as if she were suffocating. After a few minutes' silence, Mrs. Joan recommenced:

"You can guess, Gipsy, that it was then she abandoned you—a tiny nursing that she had not yet taught to lisp her name! Oh, it was cruel. It was cold to you, her innocent little baby! Sylvan Holt's fell anger rose to its climax. He neither ate nor slept until he had tracked the wretched pair to their hiding place. Margaret, your father killed him in her presence!"

Margaret suddenly let fall her hand from her burning face—

"It was just," said she, with stern vehemence: "just!"

Mrs. Joan was startled at the transformation in her countenance—a little while ago so bright and innocent, but now fevered and contracted with passion. But she did not attempt to reason with her yet; she went on sorrowfully with her story, herself almost abashed beneath the fixed gaze that Margaret kept upon her face.

"Your father was arrested and tried in Paris for the murder——"

"It was *not* murder!" interrupted Margaret fiercely. Who said that righteous vengeance was *murder*?"

"The law so regarded it, but by reason of extenuating circumstances he was only condemned to two years' imprisonment."

The poor girl drew a long shuddering breath through her clenched teeth, and cowered down upon the floor, crying out of the bitterness of her heart—

"Oh, my father, my father!"

"When that period expired," continued Mrs. Joan, he came up, a stranger, to Wildwood, bringing you with him. During the time of his detention in France, you were left under the care of a nurse at Abbeymeads; she married when you were taken from her. Your unhappy mother had sustained such a terrible shock by the death of her cousin in those awful circumstances, that for

several years she was obliged to be kept under restraint; but, afterwards, partially recovering, she was transferred to the care of a physician, where she still was when I last heard of her. But I do not think she was ever quite herself again."

"She is dead now! yes, she is dead!" exclaimed Margaret, rising from the floor, and standing erect; "and Tibbie Ryder asked me why I had not put on mourning for her—not so much as a black ribbon on my hat! Oh! I do not mourn for her, not I! I wish she had died when I was born, that I might have thought of her at least without a blush!" There was a hard unnatural vehemence in her voice and manner painfully shocking to her old friend, down whose withered cheeks the tears flowed abundantly, as she went on in the same tone: "Oh! Mrs. Joan, this dishonour falls very heavily on me; my father's life wrecked—everything of happiness destroyed. I had always thought of my

mother with such a sacred love; once I saw her picture. Oh, yes, it was beautiful! There can be nothing more lovely! but I would have trampled it under my feet, if I had known what I know now!"

"Oh! hush, Gipsy, hush, my love! You are speaking of her who gave you life—and she repented sorely before she died!"

"Gave me life only to dishonor it! No, I will not think of her with tenderness any more! Look at my father. I understand now all that was so mysterious before: I know why we have been hidden at Wildwood—because we were ashamed to front the world! Abbeymeads, Rushfall, Brightebank;—what need I think of them for? gladly would I exchange them all for an untainted name. A rich heiress! 'Poor girl,' people will say, when they see how ignorant and strange I am, 'Poor girl, no wonder; she has been worse than motherless! worse than motherless!'"